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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE RUHR

Figaro publishes an interview with M. Dariac, whose confidential report upon the Ruhr became public before the occupation, in which that gentleman says: 'It is an error to imagine that the possession of this region will bring us the Reparations we seek. . . . The operation we have undertaken is coercion, not collection. Seen under this aspect, its success is evident. Holding the Ruhr we have German industry at our mercy. . . . This little district, less than a thousand square miles in area, contains almost four million inhabitants, and produces annually nearly one hundred million tons of coal, twenty-five million tons of furnace coke, eight million tons of cast iron, and ten million tons of steel, or eighty per cent of Germany's total output. Besides these primary materials, it produces great quantities of sulphate of ammonia, benzol, phenol, dyes, pharmaceutical products, and perfumes. . . . Undoubtedly our occupation is not as yet paying for itself. But it guarantees our security and thereby general peace. Time works for us.'

The French Minister of Public Works, who allots the fuel requisitioned in the Ruhr, has issued a circular to

French iron- and steel-makers, advising them to accumulate reserves of coke, to use in case Ruhr deliveries are temporarily suspended. French ironmasters fear that this may bode a serious shortage. A disturbing rumor has it that the Germans, convinced that the French propose to seize their coke plants anyway, are deliberately allowing them to go cold; which means that they will have to be practically reconstructed, at an estimated expense of four hundred million francs, and a year's delay. An interesting feature of the situation is the stimulus given to the manufacture of coke in France, to take the place of the diminishing supplies from the Ruhr.

A compilation of Scandinavian opinion, under the title 'Disillusioned Ententists,' says:—

'That the conservative and the nationalist newspapers should continue their pro-German tone was to be expected, but the Ruhr venture has had a *mauvaise presse* in practically all Swedish quarters. France in peace has fewer admirers than France at war, and across the Baltic the increasing hardships of the German population have aroused new sympathies. Since the Armistice undernourished German children by the boatload and trainload have been sent to Sweden to recuper-

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ate, and if that may be called propaganda, it is particularly effective.

'The socialist labor-unionists, who during the war were the backbone of anti-Germanism, have sent aid and encouragement to the Ruhr workers, and at the recent Geneva meeting of the Council of the League of Nations it was their leader, Hjalmar Branting, who raised the question of the practically French administration of the Saar, which was later debated also in the British House of Commons. In addition to the formal protest against the Ruhr occupation, sent to the French Government by the Swedish bishops, Nathan Söderblom, the energetic and internationally-minded Archbishop of Upsala, formerly a student in Paris, has since sent communications of the same tenor to the French press on his personal responsibility.'

Under the heading, 'It Does Concern Us,' the most eminent Swedish Liberal organ, the *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, writes editorially on May 1 as follows: 'One Swedish business man after another returns from Paris with fresh exhortations to the Swedish public, and first and last to the Swedish press, to observe all caution when speaking of Reparations and the Ruhr. The French have their eyes on us, and are much put out with Sweden. They regard us as victims of German propaganda, easily deceived by its twists and lies. Moreover, they contend, their relations with Germany do not concern us. Unless we hold our tongue, they won't buy our wood. Consequently we had better behave. . . .

'To qualify morally French treatment of disarmed Germany is perhaps unnecessary. History will pass its own verdict. But it may be permitted to recall that those of us who condemned the German invasion of Belgium and the proceedings in northern France were then regarded in Paris as compe-

tent to judge, while we are now called incompetent. . . . What was then admirable is now brazen effrontery.'

Ellen Key, the famous radical feminist, writes: 'From my youth I have been opposed to the Germany of the Empire, and shall so remain to the end. The Germany of the Rathenau and Landauer assassinations and anti-Semitism, as well as that of militarism and the monarchy, is the greatest possible antithesis to the Germany of Goethe. . . . Now, on the other hand, one protest after another echoes against the wrongs committed in the Ruhr. But we all know what satisfaction our bishops obtained from Poincaré and the French protesters. . . . All our political parties, newspapers of all colors, stand united in condemning the French procedures on the Rhine and in the Ruhr. . . . I know that millions in France itself suffer from the violent deeds in the Ruhr. Within a week I have received two testimonies of how deeply French men and women feel. At a time like this it would be easier, they think, to be the anvil than the hammer.'

On the other hand, M. Lazare Weiller, an Alsatian, now representing his province in the French Senate, although originally opposed to the Ruhr occupation, has a word to say in its defense. M. Weiller is an important personality in the industrial world. He is largely interested in railways, mines, and electrical works, was educated at Oxford, and is a Moderate in politics. He recently said in an interview: —

'The Ruhr occupation has revealed to many of us what my recent visit to Germany has revealed to me personally; and that is that there is a temper of hatred and revenge in the country which many of us had not suspected. The spirit of Germany remains a danger to Europe. . . . You do not appear to realize in England that under the

cloak of the collapse of her monetary system Germany is building up for herself the most formidable economic power of any country in Europe. By giving herself the appearance of insolvency she is remaking her resources, building railways, canals, museums, and, above all, a merchant navy, which in a year or two will be as strong as before the war. . . .

'The fall of the mark has meant that the German internal debt has virtually disappeared. In a few years there will be a Germany with no internal debt, with no military burden of expenditure, and with an external debt which will consist solely of what she owes to the Allies. This will put Germany in a very strong position politically. It will also greatly increase her capacity to pay. In spite of the latter fact, I should myself be glad to see us accept a very reasonable sum for Reparations, if it were paid at once, rather than look forward to a much larger sum, which would only be liquidated in thirty years' time. . . .

'The political danger should, however, in my opinion, be our chief care. It is our security, which is more important to us than anything else. The essence of that security is some kind of buffer state between us and the Rhine. I do not say that later, when we feel ourselves to be no longer in danger and when the temper of Germany has changed, we may not be prepared to make, in harmony with our British friends, territorial or colonial concessions. . . . Meanwhile, we feel the need of some barrier between ourselves and the invader.'

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THE KRUPP VERDICT

THE sentencing of Herr Krupp and two of his colleagues to ten and fifteen years' imprisonment and fines of a hundred million marks each, impresses

the *Spectator* as a grievous blunder. It says editorially:—

We regard these monstrous sentences with surprise and dismay, but we are glad to note that protests have been raised in France as well as elsewhere on the ground that such severity will certainly defeat itself. If the Krupp directors had plotted to murder French generals, or had even been consenting parties to infamies of that sort, there would be something to be said for the severity. As it is, we regard it frankly as savage. This is the way to increase German resistance, not to stop it; and yet everybody knows that the French really want to stop it. If Germany had won the war the German Emperor would, no doubt, have treated his victims in this way; but the whole object of the Allied victory, as we conceive it, and, indeed, as it has been officially stated to be on all hands, is to mend what was broken, not to continue the ghastly destruction.

Naturally the *Nation*, which now stands for Mr. Keynes's policy toward the peace settlement, is even more emphatic in its condemnation:—

A handful of French troops having lost their heads in Essen in March, and slaughtered eleven workmen at the Krupp works without a hair of their own heads being touched or threatened, Herr Krupp von Bohlen is in May sentenced by a French court-martial to fifteen years' imprisonment and a fine of a hundred million marks—presumably for the crime of being Herr Krupp von Bohlen, since the evidence given at the trial (the actual charge was complicity in resistance to French orders) revealed no ground of any sort for the infliction of a day's imprisonment or a fine of a mark. This, however, was not the supreme achievement of the court. Herr Schrapler, who was present, and three Krupp directors, who were absent, get twenty years' imprisonment and fines of a hundred million marks apiece. Savagery of this order appears to have caused astonishment even among French in Essen.

The French press gave the decision little editorial comment, though the

trial was reported in full. Captain Duvert, who conducted the prosecution, related the history of the disorders at the Krupp works, where a small detachment of French soldiers was mobbed by the workers when it tried to seize certain automobiles belonging to the establishment, with the result that a conflict ensued in which several employees were killed. *Figaro* reports his plea as follows. 'Here are the essential phrases of his charge: —

'Picture to yourself the directors, the great leaders of the immense Krupp works, remaining impassive in their offices when the mob, at their instigation, threatened to massacre ten poor French soldiers. Imagine their smile as they watched the spectacle from behind the windows of their offices; that smile that they had during the war; their generals wore that smile when German troops burned French villages and massacred their inhabitants.'

German bitterness at the sentence passes description. The correspondent of *Berliner Tageblatt* says: —

For a sentence like this we have a parallel only in the Dreyfus case. . . . Those who witnessed the pleadings on Tuesday must have come away with the feeling that the object of the trial was not to attain justice, but frankly to destroy an enemy, to crush an obstacle in the way of French ambition.



A SAAR EPISODE

ANOTHER focus of bitterness in the occupied territories is the Saar, where there is a population of some 700,000 Germans provisionally governed by a League of Nations Commission. The strike of the coal-miners in that district, which began last January, has just been settled in favor of the workers, whose wages have been raised to a level of the miners in the neighboring province of Lorraine. This strike followed so closely upon the occupation of the Ruhr that the French were in-

clined to interpret it as political. The miners argued that they were merely taking advantage of a favorable economic contingency to strike when they were most likely to win.

According to the *Manchester Guardian*, although the entire mining community of the Saar suffered greatly, there was 'no violence, rioting, or disturbance whatever.' Notwithstanding this, the Commission issued an extraordinary decree from which we quote the following: —

Persons [in the Saar Basin] committing any of the following offenses shall be liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding five years, and, should the Court so decide, to a fine not exceeding 10,000 francs: In public or at a meeting: (1) casting discredit on the Treaty of Peace of Versailles; (2) insulting or traducing (a) the League of Nations, its members, or the States signatories of the Treaty of Peace of Versailles, (b) the Governing Commission, its members, organizations or officials responsible for the conduct of its administration.

This decree, which was made a subject of protest in the British House of Commons, has since been repealed, but it calls attention to the unsatisfactory nature of the League of Nations' government in this district. The British press asserts that the Commission has been packed by France. The Chairman is a Frenchman close to Poincaré. The Belgian representative always votes with the Chairman. The representative from the Saar is practically a French nominee, replacing a predecessor found guilty in a public court of falsification and perjury; and the representative of Denmark is only nominally a Dane, having resided most of his life in Paris, and speaking French better than his native tongue. The Chairman of the Governing Commission receives a salary, payable from the revenues of the Saar, of 150,000 francs per annum. The other members

receive 100,000 francs. In addition to these salaries the expenses of all are paid by the Saar taxpayers.

The point of international interest is the apparent failure of the League of Nations to provide a sane and impartial government for the Ruhr district. In replying to the German criticisms of the peace terms in 1919, the Allied and Associated Powers assured the German representatives at Paris that 'the Governing Commission . . . will be responsible to the League of Nations and not to the French Government. The arrangement made will afford an ample guaranty against the misuse of the power which is entrusted to it.'

Gilbert Murray, one of the most prominent League champions in Great Britain, condemns the Saar situation unsparingly. He says in an article in *The Nation and the Athenæum*:—

The League was entrusted, as an impartial body, with the government of the Saar Valley, by means of a Commission which was intended to be absolutely impartial also, and on paper seems to be so. But the French Government, having succeeded from the outset in packing the Saar Commission with French puppets, has lately proceeded to use it as a sort of auxiliary force for supporting the disguised war in the Ruhr; and the Council of the League has thus allowed itself to be drawn into the position of a mere tool of French policy. This is, quite simply, disastrous.

Professor Murray sees no remedy for the present situation so long as France and Great Britain are the only Powers of first rank represented in the League of Nations Council. At present the smaller Powers are practically without weight in that body's decisions. The remedy is to reform the League. 'Germany must, obviously, be there; she must be there, not as a prisoner at the bar, but as an equal member of the Conference. And the difficulties would be greatly lightened if the American

Government chose, without of course in any way joining or committing itself to the League, to coöperate with its old Allies and the leading neutrals in treating this particular problem.'

Mr. Asquith characterized the decree as 'by far the greatest blow that has been struck at the moral authority of the League of Nations since it was established,' and added, 'one may search the annals of despotism in the worst days of Russia without finding a more monstrous specimen of despotic legislation.'

On the other hand, Angel Marvaud, writing in the *Revue Bleue*, stresses the historical claims of France to the Ruhr. 'In 1935 the people will be called upon to vote for one of three solutions: return to Germany, union with France, or continuance of the present Government. Fifteen years! When in spite of a century's control our enemies have not completely Germanized the district!'

He points out that the ordinance so bitterly criticized was merely the law enacted by the German Government to protect itself and its officers after the assassination of Rathenau, and adds:—

The President of the Saar Commission is not necessarily a Frenchman. M. Rault could not have held his position except for the unanimous confidence of his colleagues and of the League. . . . What would happen, however, if the Presidency of the Commission should pass to a friend of Germany, or even an Englishman?



CRITICIZING PARLIAMENTS

APROPOS of our Spanish article describing the disillusionment with parliamentary institutions that is now so common in Europe, it may interest our readers to know that an organization exists in France which calls itself 'The National Committee for Convening the States-General,' for the object of securing a return to the old system of

representative government that existed long before the Revolution. This society publishes a review called *Les Cahiers des États-Généraux*. Several large industrialists, who have no Royalist sympathies, are supporting its propaganda.

The superiority of the States-General over the present parliament is assumed to be that representation in the former was by classes, trades, and professions. The idea is to abolish or minimize party politics and to substitute for the motives of the professional politician the economic interests of different industrial and labor groups.



ENGLAND'S GERMAN BRYCE

A TWO-VOLUME work has just appeared that aspires to do for England what the late Lord Bryce's *American Commonwealth* did for the United States. The author is Wilhelm Dibelius, Professor of English Philology at Bonn University. But while the scope and method of this work resemble not remotely those of the *American Commonwealth*, its inspiration is entirely different — many will say characteristically German. The idea of writing it occurred to the author during the war, when he was appalled to find his country fighting an enemy that it did not know: —

Germany's fortunes were guided by a chancellor who believed it possible to avoid a war with England even though we marched through Belgium, who almost to the end of his chancellorship refused to credit the deadly earnestness of the English in the war. Our armies were commanded by officers who up to the battle of the Somme refused to believe that England would adopt compulsory service. And our starving German populace cursed their own farmers and food commissioners, unwilling to recognize the fundamental fact of the war — the English blockade. . . . The Prussian schoolmaster — above all the schoolmaster

in the secondary school and university — lost the war, for he did not inculcate into the generation that followed 1870 the political qualities necessary in a nation that is to play a great part in the world.

This lack the present book proposes in part to supply. It contains a comprehensive discussion of almost every aspect of England's national life; her historical background, the geographical and industrial bases of her power, national character, political institutions, press, church, and education. It is weighed down with a vast but useful bibliographical apparatus, and lacks the easy inspiration and classical simplicity that characterize some chapters of De Tocqueville and Bryce. None the less, it contains many fascinating and stimulating paragraphs. The author believes that the imperialist and materialist civilization of the Anglo-Saxons is saved from becoming a force for evil by two influences — its 'gentleman-tradition and the power of its ethico-religious ideals.'



MINOR NOTES

Heraldo de Madrid, as conservative in its news standards as it is liberal in politics, reports a remarkable case of abnormal vision in the Spanish capital. A young nobleman, the son of Marquis de Santacasa, apparently possesses the faculty of seeing through opaque objects. Several leading physicians and engineers of the city have experimented with him. At a test given at the Museo de Ingenieros, the young man read the headlines of newspapers — selected at random — placed by members of the society in a metal cigar-box. At another test, held at the Madrid Academy of Sciences, which was very largely attended, the results were not as satisfactory, though the young man successfully read the time indicated by a closed watch.

FRANCO-GERMAN RECONCILIATION

[An apparently growing current of opinion exists in both France and Germany in favor of a reconciliation between the two countries. Arnold Rechberg, a Berlin publicist, writes in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* that since the occupation of the Ruhr 'the interests of both nations are driving them with mathematical certainty toward a common meeting-ground and a common understanding.' Jacques Rivière is editor of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, and a well-known critic. He was captured by the Germans in the battle of Lorraine and imprisoned in Germany for three years. He has described his experiences in that country in a widely read volume, *L'Allemand*. La bourse General Pershing was granted him in 1920. His article appeared in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* of May 1. G. von Schulze-Gaevernitz is a distinguished German scholar and Professor of Economics at Freiburg University. His article was published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of April 8.]

I. A FRENCH VIEW

BY JACQUES RIVIÈRE

EVEN if the occupation of the Ruhr proves a failure, it can always be said in its defense that it was an honest effort to solve the monstrous problem of Franco-German relations. France is accused of seeking other objects than Reparations there, but if we look at her action from the standpoint of European peace I think she should be praised rather than blamed for cherishing such ulterior designs.

The Versailles Treaty contains two fatal weaknesses: it pretends to base Germany's obligations to her conquerors upon a recognition of moral delinquency; and it represents all the demands that the victors make of the vanquished as reparations for injury sustained.

Frenchmen have an intense aversion for fanciful political theories, and never tire of ridiculing President Wilson as their champion. How does it happen that they have never bethought themselves to denounce the fanciful theories that have wrecked the Treaty of Versailles and rendered its execution impossible?

When the war ended, nations — and therefore individuals — had indulged for four years in a veritable debauch of

intellectual, moral, and physical injustice. The world was strewn with ruins. Men everywhere were possessed of a single idea: to leave principles to take care of themselves, and to recover as speedily as possible the wealth they had stupidly destroyed. In a word, to get Reparations.

Obviously Germany must pay the bill. But instead of justifying this by her defeat, what was done? We tried to make her acknowledge not only her defeat but her guilt. We tried to enforce an impossible moral reform before taking up the tremendous question of physical restitution. We endeavored to overwhelm Germany with a remorse, a grief, a discontent with herself that was utterly absurd, that did not exist, that could not possibly exist in the hearts of the masses of the German people.

It was on a cloud bank like this that we built the Versailles Treaty. Instead of trying to find out how Germany really felt when the war was over, and profiting by that state of mind in a practical way, we hit upon the fanciful idea of creating a state of mind in our adversary, or rather of assuming such a state of mind offhand and

making it the motive and justification for her labor and sacrifice in our behalf.

This was one of the craziest ideas that the misguided fancy of mankind ever conceived. People seriously imagined in their own minds a German pondering how criminal his Government had been five years before, when it made war upon the Entente, and so overwhelmed by remorse as to go down into his stocking and empty his savings into the lap of his recent adversaries for the purpose of rebuilding the devastated regions. Of course the authors of the Treaty, feeling that this state of mind might be rather hypothetical, saw the wisdom of reënforsing it with certain sanctions. But the fact remains that they appealed to only two sentiments — repentance or fear.

The first sentiment never existed anywhere as a social phenomenon. Only individuals are conscious of personal guilt for which they feel themselves individually responsible. At the most one can merely produce a feeling of national shame, and that will not be strong except among a small moral élite.

I have always felt that the only way to make Germany help rebuild France is to make her see that this is necessary for her own recovery. Viewed from a certain angle, paradoxical as it may appear, the occupation of the Ruhr is a step in that direction. It is a rather brutal but definite way of inviting Germany to collaborate with us.

Properly understood, our victory should have proved to Germany, not her guilt, but her temporary dependence on us. Since we have not thus utilized our success, it is logical enough to seize her property in order to impress this truth upon her.

Unhappily our new course, postponed until after four years of pre-

tended peace, inevitably meets obstacles that would not have existed at an earlier date. The sentiments of Germany have changed. In the demoralization and depression that seized her in 1918, an offer of economic co-operation might have been welcomed with an enthusiasm and a good will that we did not foresee. To-day the moral and judicial ideas that we have made current, to which we have constantly appealed, are turned against ourselves.

Justice is invoked to condemn our action, and we in turn figure as disturbers of the peace. We no longer have back of us the public opinion of the world, which is distraught, uncomprehending, or indignant. Germany feels that things are slowly swinging her way. Her moral self-confidence is returning. Consequently she adopts passive resistance.

Still other factors make our policy dangerous. First of all, our purpose is not clear. Do we know precisely why we are in the Ruhr?

Let it be repeated, we have no right to be there except to take coal and other Reparations material. It is obvious that we have adopted the most expensive, complicated, and dangerous way imaginable to do this. Our action seems to me much more easily justified if we say bluntly that we have seized a pledge with the determination to force an economic alliance with Germany. The empty question of Reparations should be frankly discarded. We are facing an entirely different problem from the reconstruction of houses and factories, from restoring what is past and gone. We are dealing with a question of the future.

Unhappily our statesmen are not clear in their own minds. They have had the courage to put the issue on a new basis; but they are still haunted by the spectres of their past errors.

They do not dare to forget at once the devastated regions. Their old French prejudices, superstitiously attached to physical wealth, still hold them in bond.

Far too exigent when it comes to the question of demanding billions of ready money, they are not exigent enough when facing the magnificent possibility of hitching our star to the mighty tractor of German industry.

Germany was determined to ignore us. Our statesmen have again won her attention. But they do not know how to bend her will. Their proposals to her lack definiteness. They continue to threaten her after they have her in their power. Their language toward her may be harsh; but it is so vague as to be futile. At a time when we should be bargaining and agreeing, we pose as policemen and dictators.

Other errors destroy the effectiveness of our gesture. First of all there is the old idea that politics take precedence. Last March Poincaré told the Financial Commission: 'The great industrialists of the Ruhr are still the backbone of German resistance. They have tried on several occasions to start direct negotiations with the French Government. But the latter would consider only official proposals coming from the Government of Germany.' One asks at once the reason for making such a condition. Why not negotiate directly with the German industrialists if they have anything to suggest, and if they are the only ones who can propose something practical, something that counts?

So Poincaré has 'a principle.' That principle is that only politicians can guide the destinies of a country. But that is a principle that no longer accords with the facts, least of all in Germany. Is it not a dangerous and illogical policy to try to apply it just when we have convinced ourselves that

these industrialists are the true wielders of power in Germany?

So, at the very time when we seem to display a maximum of energy and boldness, we do not know our own minds. We are not clear-sighted enough to demand what we need most of all, the only thing that is worth our time and trouble, the only thing that will benefit the world and will be approved by the world if it wishes peace: I mean an industrial treaty with Germany, analogous to our treaties of commerce. Only from such a treaty can an honest guaranty against aggression spring.

Our ideas of peace to-day are either those of a lawyer or of a soldier. We imagine that peace will be given us by some miracle if we are resolute, steadfast, and indifferent to the wishes of the enemy. We do not try to understand his wishes or to discover if they may not be harmonized with our own. All we think of is crushing him. Undoubtedly pressure was necessary, but merely as a means to an end. We should be ready to reap its fruits as soon as they are ripe. We should not be impatient; but neither should we be overpatient. We must not delude ourselves into thinking that the duration of such an expedition as we have undertaken in the Ruhr is unimportant.

It is likely to arouse against us in Germany and in the rest of the world indignation and hatred, before which we shall find ourselves some day trembling and helpless.

Poincaré is by nature such a headstrong man that he deceives himself. He thinks he has accomplished something when he has merely stuck to his guns. He is never satisfied except when he feels that he has rigidly carried out his purpose, whether right or wrong. He regards a political policy as he would building a railway — and let us add that he insists on digging a tunnel

straight through every hill that crosses his path.

It is this obstinate insistence upon having his way, and having his way in every detail, that lends his present policy in the Ruhr its contradictory aspects of bull-headed determination and uncertainty.

We must not let our desire for peace, a desire that possesses all of us before aught else, be suspected for one moment. We should have entered the Ruhr with a formal and definite programme. We should have said to Germany and the world: 'Four years have passed since the war. Those who are guilty are guilty. Every man may name the criminals for himself and detest them in his own heart. But today we face the question of peace. Peace has not returned. We must secure it.

'We must think of peace as an organism, not to be brought into being by a decree but by a birth. It must be based upon the economic coöperation of France and Germany. The two countries must strive to accomplish something shoulder to shoulder. Our hatred will disappear when we are working in a common cause. Let us get to work then.

'Let us see what each one has that the other one needs — what we can exchange. Let us set about creating wealth instead of trying to deprive each other of it. We both have tremendous industrial resources. Let us pool them and thereby multiply them. We must make peace — that is, restore normal conditions. The first step toward this is to keep silence over our wrongs. We must forget.'

We shall forget, in Germany and in France, if we are able to establish industrial unity in the Rhine valley, if we succeed in harmoniously exchanging our products with each other.

The barriers that we have set up

along the frontier of the Ruhr are for the time being aggressive, warlike barriers. But they serve at the same time to define the district that logically should become a field of common endeavor for Germany and France, of a coöperative effort in which questions of territorial suzerainty should play no part.

Notwithstanding the fact that our present occupation of the Ruhr has made the crisis between France and Germany more acute, it none the less prophesies an equilibrium, an eventual harmonizing of interests between the two countries. The very effort we exert to punish Germany for her default to us but makes more obvious the benefits she will receive from fulfilling her obligations. The occupation of the Ruhr is like a photographic negative; it is only necessary to apply it to sensitive paper to change the picture from a negative to a positive. The coal trains that now make their way with such difficulty from Germany to France suggest the day when ore trains will roll in the opposite direction from France to Germany.

We can easily imagine the Germans returning on a basis of equality to this industrial beehive where our troops are now idling, but under a single condition: they must recognize the identity of their interests and our own, and agree upon a policy of loyal coöperation with us.

I cannot help believing that Germany is at the bottom of her heart eager to get away from the psychology of war. I am convinced that she does not really love war. Were she again blessed with assured prosperity, the basis of which she fully understood, she would not for many years to come return to her old military dreams.

What we refuse to see, what we belittle and underestimate, is the pleasure that Germany takes in working and

producing. Germany is suffering to-day from inhibited production. That is what is making the country bilious and bitter. I believe firmly that if we were to offer her an opportunity to work and grow, her good humor and pacific disposition would speedily come back.

All we need to provide for is that her expansion shall be identified with our own. Then we shall be joint partners, both intent on constructive progress instead of striving to block it, to harass it, to diminish it. Since we have been bold enough or rash enough to beard this great monster of German industry in his den, we should now prudently restore his liberty — and by prudently I mean mounting on his back.

I am quite aware of the political objections to such a policy. One of the weightiest is that England would never consent. But we must ask ourselves if Great Britain values sufficiently the peace of Europe; if the peace of Europe is or is not the greatest advantage of which she can dream.

Assuming that such a peace is the greatest blessing she can conceive — as she asserts it is — then she must reconcile herself to the conditions it demands. And the first and the only condition of such a peace is an economic alliance between France and Germany.

We should get rid of the illusion that a settlement of the Reparations question will bring peace. Germany can never find a sum large enough to acquit her debt. We picture her to ourselves as a sinner who will feel herself redeemed and radiant when her penance is accomplished. At least that idea is implied in our policy. It is a puerile delusion.

I admit that there is more or less bluff and bluster in the following statement, made to a *Temps* correspondent

by the manager of a great chemical factory in the Rhine country. But it outlines a programme, nevertheless, that Germany may sooner or later substantially adopt, unless we cast away our present fixed idea of exacting Reparations: —

You ask me what the end of all this will be. A very bad one for you French. The Cuno Cabinet is backed by the patriotic sentiment of the nation. It has already virtually abrogated the Versailles Treaty. It has successfully resisted the oppression of imperialist France. Now it is seeking to force France to set a definite sum for Reparations. When that is accomplished, we shall have won our battle. We shall go to work to pay you. Neutrals will extend us credit. The day you are paid — and it will be long before the final period set — you will evacuate German territories. Five or ten years later, *da wird es aber Apfel geben* — there will be another war, an invasion, a revenge.

We have clinched with an opponent larger, stronger, more vigorous, more fecund than we are. Any policy that seeks to impose willy-nilly, for all time, our superiority, no matter how successful it will be for the moment, will prove in the long run utopian and disastrous. The only intelligent, far-sighted, really shrewd policy, which will truly lead to peace and guarantee the future of France, the only policy that is worthy of the memory of our dead, — to which we have so often appealed to justify the worst of follies, — is a policy that strives to utilize our temporary advantage to win us a permanent advantage. That is only possible by converting our present military superiority into an economic asset — or better said, by creating an economic asset for our enemy that will attach him to us and will substitute for his debt to us community of interest with us.

II. A GERMAN VIEW

BY G. VON SCHULZE-GAEVERNITZ

CAN Germany and France survive only by trying to crush and destroy each other? Must the relations of the two countries be based upon misunderstanding and mutual injury, and not upon reciprocal assistance and support?

So far as the field of the intellect is concerned, history gives a prompt answer. Germany's classical philosophy is inconceivable without French enlightenment. Frederick the Great could not exist without Voltaire, or Kant without Rousseau. German liberalism received its stimulus from France: human rights, popular sovereignty, parliamentary institutions. The German socialism of the nineteenth century, above all that of Marx, bears unmistakable evidence of French influence, of Condorcet and Saint-Simon: the idea of class struggle, and the economic interpretation of history. Many Germans, including the writer of these lines, were, during the formative period of their life, profoundly influenced by Auguste Comte, whose lucid, penetrating intellect and positive objectivity drew them irresistibly into his following.

But Germany has paid back with interest what she received from France. I shall cite the testimony of the greatest Frenchman of the nineteenth century to confirm this. German idealism taught the French to reconcile spirit and nature, God and the world, and gave them the concept of historical progress.

Renan says: 'The German intellect of the close of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century struck me with awe. It was as if I had entered into a temple. Yes, there was what I sought: the union of sincere religion with the spirit of scientific

investigation. As a matter of fact, fifty years ago, at the Weimar court of an absolute prince, there was more freedom of thought than in our own country, which has fought so many battles for freedom.'

Taine wrote on one occasion: 'I try to help myself through the present by reading the Germans. They are, compared with ourselves, what the English of Voltaire's time were for France. I find thoughts in their writing that afford food for a century. Hegel, Beethoven, and the Pyrenees are stimulants that arouse in me the same sensation — which for want of a better word I might call sentiment, or perhaps emotion.'

Victor Hugo also said: 'Europe's moral standards were at one time threatened by Spain and Turkey. Today their most dangerous enemies are England with her *esprit du commerce* and Russia with her *esprit de conquête*. Germans and French spring from the same source. They are brothers of the past, of the present, and of the future. A union of Germany and France would hold England and Russia in check, would be a blessing for Europe, would give peace to the world.'

Elsewhere Victor Hugo praises Germany enthusiastically: 'No nation is greater than thou. Thy voice is music. Thou hast more heroes than the peaks of Athos. Thy exploits are worldwide. Be proud, you Germans!'

A generation later, after the 'redeeming defeat,' Romain Rolland wrote: 'The good that Germany has unintentionally done us is greater than the evil. Yes, she has revived our devotion to higher things. She has kindled in our land the fire of painstaking research and of faith. She has

brought it about that France is covered with schools. She has given new life to our poetry and music. We thank her for the revival of our race consciousness. In spite of lies and hatred we shall not be separated. She needs us and we need her in order to attain the full stature of our intellect and our national genius. We are the two pinions of western Europe. If one is broken the flight of the other is checked. Let there be war! It will not permanently separate our clasped hands or break the brotherly rhythm of our hearts.'

Nor was it otherwise with Jaurès, whose socialism, imbibed from Kant and Fichte, was far more German than the Marxian dogma. Bergson culled the principles upon which he based his philosophy from ground tilled by German thinkers. The kinship of Germany and France was being recognized in art. Led by their school-teachers the youth of the two countries were stretching out their hands toward fraternal union. Then, at the last moment, the old spirit of isolation and reaction triumphed, and brought about the war.

In the economic field likewise a highly complex division of labor had sprung up between the two countries, beneficial alike to German industry and to French agriculture, to German quantity production and to French quality production. In spite of high tariffs, political friction, and chauvinist press campaigns, commercial intercourse between the two nations was expanding rapidly. Between 1895 and 1912 the exports of France to Germany increased more than one hundred and forty per cent and her imports from Germany two hundred and forty per cent. If anything, Germany was more important for France than France for Germany, for our country had relatively larger outlets for her specific commodities and manufactures in England, Russia, and the United States.

Next to England Germany was France's most important customer. Just prior to the war we bought sixteen times as much from our French neighbors as did the latter's ally, Russia. To be sure, we sold more to France, measured by gross value, than France sold to us; but we bought from her luxury goods upon which her profits were very large.

The mutual dependence of the two countries was further indicated by the kind of goods they reciprocally shipped to each other. Before the war, Germany exported to France mainly machinery and coal, which France could get cheaper from her than from any other source. On the other hand, Germany was forced to purchase luxuries from France or do without them. Let it be noted here, that France was more interested than any other nation in the continued prosperity of Germany because the high-class goods we bought from her were the first to be dispensed with when hard times came. In many cases similar wares were interchanged between the two countries, France buying from Germany those of ordinary quality, and Germany buying from France those of the finest and most expensive grade. This was true, for example, of artificial flowers, carpets, perfumeries, bronzes, and photographic goods. Germany was also a leading market for the most expensive products of French agriculture. She was the principal buyer of French wines and Parisian women's garments.

And, strange as it may seem, the Versailles Peace has in some respects increased this mutual dependence. Thirty per cent of the iron and steel exported from France to-day comes to Germany; two thirds of the cotton yarn she ships abroad comes to our country. Therefore sooner or later the French people are sure to say to their leaders: 'Will not our prosperity,

wealth, and national strength be better consulted by an economic alliance with Germany than by an attempt to destroy her?’

God’s mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine. Some day French militarism must collapse, as the militarism of Germany collapsed; for, in spite of all our turmoil and apparent retrogression, the ideals of liberty and freedom go marching on. Let us recall the words of Victor Hugo, delivered on March 1, 1871, in the National Assembly at Bordeaux: ‘If brute force is to rule, then Europe’s peace is gone forever. There will be two dangerous nations in the world, one because it is victorious, the other because it is vanquished. From to-morrow France will have a single thought — to recover, to grow strong, to rear children filled with holy wrath, burning to restore the

greater France of 1792, the France of inspiration and the sword. And speedily she will rise again, and with irresistible power seize Alsace and Lorraine, and — listen well to my words — likewise Trèves, and Mayence, and Cologne, and Coblenz — yes, the whole left bank of the Rhine. Then France will proudly proclaim: “Here I stand. I am the victor. But am I thine enemy? I am thy sister. I have taken all from you, but I shall return it to you under one condition — that henceforth we shall dwell as one people, as one family. I will raze my fortresses; you must raze yours. My revenge is brotherhood. Let us erect one great republic, the United States of Europe. Let us clasp hands, for each has done the other a great service. You liberated me from my Emperor, I now liberate you from yours.”’

HOW BRITISH TRADERS FED GERMANY

[We print below a review of a sensational book by Rear-Admiral Consett, who was British Naval Attaché in Scandinavia throughout the war, and later Naval Advisor to the Supreme Council, 1919–1920. He was assisted in its preparation by Captain O. H. Daniel, of the Royal Navy.]

From the *Morning Post*, May 10
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

IN *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*, Admiral Consett, who was Naval Attaché in the northern neutral countries throughout the Great War, gives a detailed account, drawn both from his own experience and from official statistics, of the methods by which the enemy was supplied and fed by this country. Much was suspected during the war, but the facts revealed for the first time in Admiral Consett’s book surpass the wildest suspicions.

From the evidence he cites, Admiral Consett draws the conclusion that the prolongation of the war from the six months or the year for which Germany had calculated her resources to four and a half years was mainly due to her supply by British traders of foodstuffs and the material for munitions. The enemy was thus continuously supplied until 1917, when, with the entrance of the United States into the war, the blockade was for the first time enforced.

Trading with the enemy by this country and by neutrals was made possible by the illegal adoption by His Majesty's Government of the German-made Declaration of London, the consequent surrender of British maritime rights, and the supersession of the Prize Courts, established by the law of England, by 'illegal contraband' committees. The British public will learn with some surprise that the diplomatic objections raised by the United States Government to British action in stopping American ships which were trading with the enemy were based upon the facts that this country was itself trading with the enemy, and that the Prize Courts, whose decisions are internationally recognized, had been superseded.

Admiral Consett states that his book was not written for the purpose of exciting useless recriminations, although, as he observes, the sending of excessive supplies to the enemy seems to need more explanation than has hitherto been conceded; but it was written in order to demonstrate the decisive power of the economic 'unarmed forces,' exercised and supported by a supreme Navy. 'This book,' writes the Admiral, 'has been written to but little purpose if it has failed to make clear that the unarmed forces with which it deals rest, for their power of being applied, upon naval supremacy; and that there is no security for the sea-borne supplies upon which we mainly depend for our existence except in our Navy.'

It cannot possibly be contended that either British traders or the British Government were under the least delusion that the excess of the normal exports to neutrals — amounting to double, treble, and even ten times the pre-war amounts — did not go to Germany, either by reexport or in the shape of manufactures. Admiral Consett shows that the agreements made by

neutrals as to supplying the enemy were waste paper. He writes: —

'It was the common interest, both of Denmark and Germany, that the principle of rationing should be defeated; and agreements, which left matters such as the above (fodder and oats, whose supply by this country enabled Denmark, after exporting thousands of cattle and horses to Germany, to use supplies for other enemy purposes) undefined, merely provided these countries with the means of furthering their own interests. Germany reaped such benefits from the abuses to which they were open as enabled her to stem the tide of starvation, and to pull through 1916 and 1917. In August 1916 . . . the war had now been in progress for two years. Supplies were still pouring into Germany, and the result of the efforts of two years to get them stopped had proved to be unavailing. In the first seven months of 1916 . . . the meat export alone during this period, 62,561 tons, was sufficient to furnish about 1,000,000 meat rations per day throughout the seven months on the scale of the current German Army ration.'

Admiral Consett gives details of the total disregard of agreements in respect of every commodity required by the enemy. That information was, of course, furnished to the Government at the time. It will be observed that the supplies could have been stopped by a simple prohibition of export. The Navy would have prevented smuggling.

In what did the supplies consist? It should be noted that the *pre-war exports* are not in question, but the *excess over pre-war exports*, which invariably went to the enemy. Admiral Consett gives the official statistics in the case of every article. It will suffice to quote some examples. During the first four months of 1915, the increases of the exports of cocoa from Great Britain to

Scandinavia, Holland, and Italy, as compared with the corresponding period of 1913, were as follows:—

	1913 lbs.		1915 lbs.
January	260,361	...	2,626,687
February	116,868	...	1,628,173
March	137,423	...	4,060,428
April	415,815	...	3,903,633

These figures were furnished by the British Government to the United States Government at the request of America.

Coal.—Supplied in unlimited quantities to Scandinavian ships, railways, and factories, which supplied Germany. 'Germany received all she required to the end of the war through the prodigal supplies of coal from her foolish and gullible enemy.'

Fodder and Fertilizers.—The supplies enabled Denmark to export horses, cattle, and food to Germany. In 1917 'England began to feel the shortage of food which she had enabled Denmark to supply to Germany.'

All fishing requisites, including nets, yarn, rope, petrol, tin.—Denmark and Sweden sent *forty-six times* the amount of fish to Germany that this country received. 'The letters of Commander Leverton-Harris, who was Lord Robert Cecil's (the Blockade Minister's) right-hand man, in the early stages of our correspondence, breathed hope in every line; the only defect to be found in them was that they failed to stop the Danish fish from continuing to reach Germany.'

Oil-seeds, nuts, tallow, lard, fish-oils, animal oils, and fats.—These were used by the enemy for the manufacture of glycerine, which was used in the manufacture of high explosives. Exports from the British Empire doubled and quadrupled. Exports to the enemy from Denmark of fat cattle doubled.

Lubricants.—Thousands of barrels were shipped from the Free Harbor at

Copenhagen to Germany. Exports from Great Britain to Denmark rose from 150 tons in 1913 to 500 tons in 1915.

Copper.—The British export of copper to Sweden was doubled. The Swedish export of copper to Germany was trebled.

Zinc.—In the first six weeks of 1916 the British Government allowed 20,000 tons of zinc ore to go to Rotterdam. Thence it was sent to Liège, where it was made into spelter by the Germans. 'The ore, too, was of that very quality which Germany required in the preparation of hydrogen gas for the inflation of her Zeppelins.'

Nickel.—Sweden was the workshop of Germany. In 1915 this country sent to Sweden *twelve times* the export of 1913.

Tin.—British exports to Sweden were five times the pre-war amount.

Tea.—In March 1916, 'all the wharves in Copenhagen were choked with cases of tea, a large part of which was from our Colonies en route to Germany.'

Beer.—'In order to meet the demand of the German troops we adulterated our own beer, raised its price and reduced its quality. . . . In 1917 we were quite satisfied with four tons of beer (from Denmark) instead of 2600; Germany received about 6000 instead of 50 tons.'

Cotton.—This was not even declared contraband until August 1915. British exports to Sweden rose from 1940 tons in 1913 to 10,300 in 1915; to Norway, from 460 to 6600; to Denmark, from 14 to 3000 in 1915 and 6000 in 1916.

The excessive exports were on the same scale in respect of flax, jute, hides and skins, fertilizers, phosphate rock, pyrites, sulphate of ammonia, rubber, cement, and so forth. 'Cement is the only commodity that formed the

subject of inquiry on the general question of our trade during the war. . . . The Committee's conclusions . . . are based upon false premises and in disregard of a large mass of important evidence to which the Committee had access but did not make use of.'

Money. — 'Large sums of money in British paper currency were allowed into Scandinavia, and were actually carried by the British Foreign Office messengers. . . . The profits from its sale to the Germans reached, I think, the colossal figure of 50 per cent.'

Admiral Consett's chapter on finance as a whole, to which the reader is referred, raises some very ugly questions.

Food supplies from neutrals. — England in 1915 and 1916 *lost* 118,169 tons of foodstuffs, and Germany *gained* 276,398.

Admiral Consett observes that 'these excessive supplies to Germany, together with those that passed through Holland, were in all probability more than enough, had they been withheld, to have sounded Germany's death knell

at an early date. . . . Our miserable and inglorious trade prolonged the war: a stricken world, for now over four years, has been pursued by its Nemesis, which still derides the efforts of puny humanity to restore in its ranks the order so wantonly committed to the forces of disruption. It is profitless to dwell upon the past. It is difficult, however, altogether to obliterate the sad thought of the prosperity that this country would now be enjoying had victory been assured early in the war by the timely application of those forces whose latent power has perhaps been thrown into even stronger relief by the grim difficulties over which they ultimately triumphed.'

Admiral Consett records the facts. Except in the case of certain persons — who can hardly remain silent in the face of his statements — he makes no charges. He is solely anxious that the greatest blunder, and perhaps the greatest crime, in history should not be repeated.

RECALLING A TRAGEDY

BY VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA

From the *Spectator*, May 5
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

IN New York during the weeks preceding the last voyage of the *Lusitania* there was much gossip of submarines. It was freely stated and generally believed that a special effort was to be made to sink the great Cunarder, so as to inspire the world with terror. She was at that time the largest passenger-boat afloat. The few pre-war passenger-boats of greater tonnage had been commandeered for war service of various kinds.

On Saturday, May 1, — the day on which the *Lusitania* was to sail, — in order that there might be no mistake as to German intentions, the German Embassy at Washington issued a warning to passengers couched in general terms, which was printed in the New York morning papers directly under the notice of the sailing of the *Lusitania*. The first-class passengers, who were not due on board till about ten o'clock, had

still time after reading the warning, unmistakable in form and position, to cancel their passage if they chose. For the third-class passengers it came too late. As a matter of fact, I believe that no British, and scarcely any American, passengers acted on the warning, but we were most of us very fully conscious of the risk we were running. A number of people wrote farewell letters to their home folk and posted them in New York to follow on another vessel.

There were some two thousand people aboard altogether, counting passengers and crew. Curiously enough, there were a large number of children on the passenger list. We noticed this with some surprise. I think that the explanation lay in the fact that a number of the families of Canadians serving in the war were coming over to join them just then.

My father and I made friends with our table neighbors, an American doctor coming over on Red Cross service and his young sister-in-law who had enrolled as a nurse. We used to discuss our chances. 'I can't help hoping,' said the girl, 'that we get some sort of thrill going up the Channel.'

We were due to arrive in Liverpool on Saturday, May 8, and we had all imagined that the attempt would be made in the Irish Sea during our last night. We were wrong. On Friday afternoon, at about two o'clock, we were off the southwest coast of Ireland; the Old Head of Kinsale was visible in the distance. My father and I had just come out of the dining-room after lunching and were strolling into the lift on 'D' deck. 'I think we might stay up on deck to-night and see if we get our thrill,' he said. I had no time to answer. There was a dull, thud-like, not very loud but unmistakable explosion. It seemed to come from a little below us and about the middle of the vessel on the port side — that was the side toward the land.

I turned and came out of the lift; somehow the stairs seemed safer. My father walked over to look out of a porthole; I did not wait. I had days before made up my mind that if anything happened one's instinct would be to make straight for the boat deck (it is a horrible feeling to stay under cover even for a few moments in a boat that may be sinking), but that one must control that and go first to one's cabin to fetch one's life belt and then on to the boat deck. As I ran up the stairs the boat was already heeling over. As I ran I thought, 'I wonder I'm not more frightened,' and then, 'I'm beginning to get frightened but I must n't let myself.'

My cabin was on 'B' deck, some way down a passage. On my way I met a stewardess; by this time the boat had heeled over very much, and as we each ran along, holding the rail on the lower side of the passage, we collided and wasted a minute or so making polite apologies to each other.

I collected my life belt. On my way back I ran into my father's cabin and took out one of his belts, fearing that he might be occupied with his papers and forget to fetch one for himself. Then I went up on to 'A' deck — the boat deck. Here there was, of course, a choice of sides. I chose the starboard side, feeling that it would somehow be safer to be as far away from the submarine as possible. The side farther from the submarine was also the higher out of the water, as the boat had listed over toward the side on which she had been hit, and the deck was now slanting at a considerable angle.

As I came out into the sunlight I saw standing together the American doctor, Dr. F——, and his sister-in-law, Miss C——. I asked if I might stay beside them until I caught sight of my father, which I made sure of doing soon. I put on my own life belt and held the other

in my hand. Just after I reached the deck a stream of steerage passengers came rushing up from below and fought their way into the boat nearest us, which was being lowered. They were white-faced and terrified; I think they were shrieking; there was no kind of order — the strongest got there first, the weak were pushed aside. Here and there a man had his arm round a woman's waist and bore her along with him; but there were no children to be seen — no children could have lived in that throng.

They rushed the boat before it was ready for them. A ship's officer made some feeble effort to prevent them, but there was no real attempt at order or discipline. As we watched I turned to the American girl. 'I always thought a shipwreck was a well-organized affair.' 'So did I,' said she, 'but I've learned a devil of a lot in the last five minutes.'

Two seamen began to lower the boat, which was full to overflowing, but no one was in command of them. One man lowered his end quickly, the other lowered his end slowly; the boat was almost in a perpendicular position when it reached the water. Half the people fell out, but the boat did not capsize, and I think most of them scrambled back afterward. I don't know. We turned away and did not look. It was not safe to look at horrible things just then. Curious that it never for a moment struck any of us as possible to attempt to get into the boat ourselves. Even at that moment death would have seemed better than to make part of that terror-infected crowd. I remember regretfully thinking something of the sort.

That was the last boat I saw lowered. It became impossible to lower any more from our side owing to the list on the ship. No one else except that white-faced stream seemed to lose control. A number of people were moving about

the deck, gently and vaguely. They reminded one of a swarm of bees who do not know where the queen has gone. Presently Dr. F—— decided to go down and fetch life belts for himself and his sister-in-law. While he was away the vessel righted herself perceptibly and word was passed round that the bulkheads had been closed and the danger was over. We laughed and shook hands, and I said, 'Well, you've had your thrill all right.' 'I never want another,' she answered. Soon afterward the doctor returned bearing two life belts. He said he had had to wade through deep water down below to get them.

While we were standing I unhooked my skirt, so that it should come straight off and not impede me in the water. The list on the ship soon got worse again, and indeed became very bad. Presently, Dr. F—— said he thought we had better jump into the sea. We had thought of doing so before, but word had been passed round from the captain that it was better to stay where we were. Dr. F—— and Miss C—— moved toward the edge of the deck where the boat had been and there was no railing. I followed them, feeling frightened at the idea of jumping so far — it was, I believe, some sixty feet normally from 'A' deck to the sea — and telling myself how ridiculous I was to have a physical fear of the jump when we stood in such grave danger as we did.

I think others must have had the same fear, for a little crowd stood hesitating on the brink and kept me back. And then suddenly I saw that the water had come over on to the deck. We were not, as I had thought, sixty feet above the sea; we were already under the sea. I saw the water green just about up to my knees. I do not remember its coming up farther; that must all have happened in a second.

The ship sank and one was sucked right down with her.

The next thing I can remember was being deep down under the water. It was very dark; nearly black. I fought to come up. I was terrified of being caught on some part of the ship and kept down. That was the worst moment of terror, the only moment of acute terror, that I knew. My wrist did catch on some rope. I was scarcely aware of it at the time, but I have the mark on me to this day.

At first I swallowed a lot of water; then I remembered that I had read that one should not swallow water, so I shut my mouth. Something bothered me in my right hand and prevented me striking out with it; I discovered that it was the life belt I had been holding for my father. I let it go. As I reached the surface I grasped a little bit of board, quite thin, a few inches wide and perhaps two or three feet long. I thought this was keeping me afloat. I was wrong. My most excellent life belt was doing that.

Everything that happened after one had been submerged was a little misty and vague; one was slightly stupefied from then on. When I came to the surface I found that I formed part of a large, round, floating island composed of people and débris of all sorts, lying so close together that at first there was not very much water noticeable in between. People, boats, hencoops, chairs, rafts, boards, and goodness knows what besides, all floating cheek by jowl.

A man with a white face and a yellow moustache came and held on to the other end of my board. I did not quite like it, for I felt it was not large enough for two, but I did not feel justified in objecting. Every now and again he would try to move round toward my end of the board. This frightened me; I scarcely knew why at the time. I was probably quite right to be fright-

ened; it is likely enough that he wanted to hold on to me. I summoned up my strength — to speak was an effort — and told him to go back to his own end, so that we might keep the board properly balanced. He said nothing and just meekly went back. After a while I noticed that he had disappeared. I don't know what had happened to him. He may have gone off to a hencoop which was floating near by. I don't know whether he had a life belt on or not. Somehow I think not.

Many people were praying aloud in a curious, unemotional monotone; others were shouting for help in much the same slow, impersonal chant: 'Bo-at — bo-at — bo-at —' I shouted for a minute or two; but it was obvious that there was no chance of any boat responding, so I soon desisted. One or two boats were visible, but they were a long way from where I was and clearly had all they could do to pick up the people close beside them. So far as I could see they did not appear to be moving much.

By and by my legs got bitterly cold, and I decided to try to swim to a boat so as to get them out of the cold water, but it was a big effort swimming. I can normally swim a few hundred yards, but I am not an expert swimmer. I only swam a few strokes and almost immediately gave up the attempt, because I did not see how I could get along without letting go of my piece of board, which nothing would have induced me to abandon.

There was no acute feeling of fear while one was floating in the water. I can remember feeling thankful that I had not been drowned underneath but had reached the surface safely, and thinking that even if the worst happened there could be nothing unbearable to go through now that my head was above the water. One's life belt held one up in a comfortable sitting

position with one's head lying rather back, as if one were in a hammock. One was a little dazed and rather stupid and vague. I doubt whether any of the people in the water were acutely frightened or in any consciously unbearable agony of mind. When Death is as close as he was then, the sharp agony of fear is not there; the thing is too overwhelming and stunning for that.

One had the sense of something taking care of one — I don't mean in the sense of protecting one from death: rather of death itself being a benignant power. At moments I wondered whether the whole thing was perhaps a nightmare from which I should wake, and once — half laughing, I think — I wondered, looking round on the sun and pale blue sky and calm sea, whether I had reached Heaven without knowing it — and devoutly hoped I had n't.

One was acutely uncomfortable, no more than that. A discomfort due mainly to the intense cold, but further — in my case, at least — to the fact that, being a very bad sailor, when presently a little swell got up I was seasick. I remember as I sat in the water I thought out an improvement which I considered should be adopted in the case of all life belts. There should be, I thought, a little bottle of chloroform strapped into each belt, so that one could inhale it and lose consciousness when one wished to. I must have been exceedingly uncomfortable before I thought of that.

The swell of the sea had the effect of causing the close-packed island of wreckage and people to drift apart. Presently I was a hundred yards or more away from anyone else. I looked up at the sun, which was high in the sky, and wished that I might lose consciousness. I don't know how long after that it was that I did lose it, but that is the last thing I remember in the water.

The next thing I remember is lying naked between blankets on a deck in the dark. I was, I discovered later, on a tiny patrol-steamer named *The Bluebell*. Every now and again a sailor came and looked at me and said, 'That's better.' I had a vague idea that something had happened, but I thought that I was still on the deck of the *Lusitania*, and I was vaguely annoyed that my own stewardess should not be attending to me instead of some unknown sailor. Gradually memory came back. The sailor offered me a cup of lukewarm tea, which I drank. We were on a teetotal vessel. There did not seem much wrong with me except that my whole body was shaking violently and my teeth were chattering like castanets, as I had never supposed teeth could chatter, and that I had a violent pain in the small of my back, which I suppose was rheumatism.

The sailor said he thought I had better go below, as it would be warmer. 'We left you up here to begin with,' he explained, 'as we thought you were dead and it did not seem worth while cumbering up the cabin with you.' There was some discussion as to how to get me down the cabin stairs. 'It took three men to lift you on board,' someone explained. I said that I thought I could walk; so, supported on either arm, and with a third man holding back my dripping hair, I managed to get down. I was put into the captain's bunk, whence someone rather further recovered was ejected to make room for me.

The warmth below was delicious; it seemed to make one almost delirious. I should say that almost all of us down there were a little drunk with the heat and the light and the joy of knowing ourselves to be alive. We were talking at the tops of our voices and laughing a great deal. At one time I was talking and laughing with some woman when a sailor came in and asked if we had

lost anyone in the wreck. I can remember the sudden sobering with which we answered. I did not then know what had happened to my father: she was almost sure that her husband was drowned. He was, she had already told me, all she had in the world. It seemed that his loss probably meant the breaking-up of her whole life, yet at that moment she was full of cheerfulness and laughter.

I can remember two exceptions to the general merriment. The captain of the *Lusitania* was among those rescued on our little boat, but I never heard him speak. The other exception was a woman, who sat silent in the outer cabin. Presently she began to speak. Quietly, gently, in a low rather monotonous voice, she described how she had lost her child. She had, so far as I can now recollect, been made to place him on a raft, which, owing to some mismanagement, had capsized. She considered that his death had been unnecessary; that it had been due to the lack of organization and discipline on board, and gently, dispassionately, she said so to the captain of the *Lusitania*. She further stated her intention of saying so publicly later. It seemed to me, fresh from that incompetent muddle on the *Lusitania's* deck, that she entirely proved her case. A sailor who came in to attend to me suggested that she was hysterical. She appeared to be the one person on board who was not.

It must have been about half-past nine at night when I came to myself on board *The Bluebell*. As to the interval, I heard afterward that I had been picked up at dusk by a rowing-boat; that in the gathering darkness they had very nearly missed me, but that by some curious chance a wicker chair had floated up under me, after I lost consciousness; that this had both helped to raise me farther out of the water than I should otherwise have floated, and so

likely enough saved my life by lessening the strain on me, and had made a slightly larger mark which had been noticed in the water, and they had rowed to it. The little boat had transferred me to *The Bluebell*. I was handed up to it along with a lot of dead bodies, but the midshipman who handed me on board said, 'I rather think there's some life in this woman; you'd better try and see.' So they did. They told me that when I recovered I went straight off to sleep without regaining consciousness and slept for two hours before I came to myself on the deck of *The Bluebell* in the dark.

We got into Queenstown Harbor about eleven. A man, the steward who had waited at our table on the *Lusitania*, came on board and told me that my father had been rescued and was already on shore. When we came alongside, the captain of *The Bluebell* came in and asked if I could go ashore, as he wanted to move on again. I said certainly, but not wrapped in one tiny blanket. Modesty, which had been completely absent for some hours, was beginning faintly to return. I said I could do it if only I had a couple of safety pins to fasten the thing together; but it was a man's ship, and the idea of safety pins just produced hoots of laughter.

Finally someone went ashore and borrowed a 'British Warm' from one of the soldiers on the quay. Clad in this, with the blanket tucked round my waist underneath it, and wearing the captain's carpet slippers, I started for the shore. The gangway was a difficult obstacle. It was so placed that it meant stepping up eighteen inches or possibly a couple of feet. I must have been pretty weak, for I had to get down on to my hands and knees and crawl on to it. At the other end of the gangway my father was waiting.

OUR BANKRUPT PARLIAMENTS

BY E. GOMEZ DE BAQUERO

From *El Sol*, April 27
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

PARLIAMENTARY government has sunk into an abyss of discredit. It seems to have lost entirely the confidence of the public. In the nineteenth century nations made revolutions to establish parliamentary institutions and were convinced that they had discovered a final form of government. Even barbarous nations hastened to adopt a constitution and to set up a legislature as soon as they became ambitious to pose as civilized.

Is the parliamentary system, then, but an episode, a fugitive incident in the evolution of political life? Or is it exclusively a British product, impossible to acclimate upon the continent, thriving only in the hands of Englishmen and immersed in the fogs of London, and under the Gothic arches of Westminster? Or is our present constitutional crisis perhaps something more serious than the failure of any particular type of government?

In endeavoring to answer these questions we must bear in mind two contemporary phenomena: the growing complexity of government functions, demanding ever higher standards of efficiency, and the greater freedom and intelligence with which the modern public criticizes its rulers. The machinery of state, formerly comparatively simple, has become confusingly complicated. And that machinery, which was regarded as something mysterious and almost sacred by our ancestors, is now examined and tested with irreverent familiarity, and its remotest intricacies bared to the gaze of the curious and malevolent.

The charges brought against our present forms of constitutional government are not slanders. Experience confirms them. Any man can see for himself the inefficiency, the corruption, and the incompetence of our parliaments. The stupidest man on the street is aware of the corrupt, parasitic oligarchies that thrive like deadly fungi in the shadows of our legislative halls. We see these things with our own eyes. But no critic or investigator has yet found a better type of government to substitute for our present discredited machinery of state.

The breakdown of parliamentary institutions is no argument for returning to even worse systems of the past. It is nonsense to talk of reestablishing the old-style monarchies. So critics of existing institutions are looking in the opposite direction for what they seek — to proletarian or bourgeois dictatorships or the *deus ex machina* of a providential man of destiny. But we should bear in mind one thing. Such times as these are propitious for the appearance of a Marius, a Sulla, a Cæsar, perhaps — but also of a Catiline. It will not do to trust too much to individuals masquerading in Cæsar's toga. A Cæsar, an Alexander, a Napoleon, is a rare apparition in history. Catilines are far more common.

Our critical generation of to-day, therefore, perceives clearly the faults of parliamentary institutions, and modern freedom of discussion makes these faults a matter of universal knowledge. Constitutionalism is now threatened by the very arms that it

has forged. To criticize the government to-day is a civic duty; to criticize the monarchies of old was a crime. We should not forget this difference. The fairest skin seen through a lens is as scarred and rough as the photograph of the moon. The skin of parliamentary government is not beautiful, but it is unjust to scan it under the magnifying glass of the present, and to scan other systems through the delusive medium of a romantic past. We must also bear in mind that the critical intelligence and free discussion of to-day are qualities that, once bestowed upon mankind, are difficult to take away. Our modern political institutions may decay—they are certain to undergo radical transformations; but free thought, free discussion, and critical intelligence will be hard to extinguish among the populace. You may perhaps change a citizen into a subject, but you will never be able to change him into a reverent vassal, persuaded that his king or emperor is infallible, or resigned to the consequences of the latter's errors. Henceforth a nation compelled to bow to a régime of force will never rest until its hour of liberation comes.

Let us grant, therefore, that modern democratic government is faulty and inefficient in many ways. But is not this inefficiency a universal phenomenon, due to the enormous complexity of the modern state? All governments had their capacity put to an extreme test during the World War. The nation that was first to collapse in both a military and a political sense—and not only was the first to collapse but was the most completely and definitely ruined—was not a nation with parliamentary government, but an autocratic state governed by a personal ruler, a state theoretically designed for war. It was not the democracies of England and America, impatient of

military service and loath to gird on the sword; it was not the Republic of France with her factions; but Imperial Russia, armed with all the powers of absolutism, that failed to meet the test.

Therefore, we feel warranted in believing that the present crisis is not so much a crisis of constitutional and democratic government as a crisis of government itself. And it is logical that governments should be most severely criticized precisely in those countries where criticism is most intelligent—in those countries possessing democratic institutions.

Two great reactionary movements against parliamentary government, two experiments in direct action, are occupying the attention of the world to-day; and they are most instructive. One of them, in Russia, has resulted in the disarticulation of a society that, in spite of the appalling defects of its political structure, did function after a fashion previously. The other, in Italy, presents quite different features. Fascism did not aim to overthrow the constitution. It has preserved existing institutions, and has superimposed itself upon them. In this it has followed the precedent of the political revolutions of ancient Rome, which began with the dictatorships of Marius and Sulla, and culminated in the Empire.

Republican institutions did not vanish in the first century before Christ—they wasted away without entirely ceasing to exist. The Roman Senate did not lose all its authority until the Empire became an Oriental despotism. Throughout the reign of the Western Emperors it regained great influence for brief periods. The Emperor was, by a fiction, the representative of the republic. Similarly, Porfirio Diaz was nominally a constitutional president in Mexico. But even the shadows of outlived democracy

are a danger for a despot. They are shadows that may again become substance. An insurgent faction may use them to legalize its cause, even though there be no true and vital revival of the spirit of liberty.

The most disturbing feature of the present crisis of parliamentary government is that, although we are perfectly aware of its defects and its decadence, we do not as yet see what will succeed it. Scanning the distance from our Bluebeard's tower, the only rescuers we discern are partisans of force, and purveyors of ephemeral and transitory remedies. The current reaction against parliamentarism promises to take the form of disguised dictatorships preserving the external aspects of a democracy, as has happened in Italy. But these afford no solution for the essential problem of government to-day, which is to qualify the state

to perform efficiently its multiplying functions.

That remedy may lie in the direction of decentralization, in larger reliance upon technical experts, or in developing professional and class participation in public functions. Perhaps it will be necessary to relieve the state of many of its new duties, and to confine it to its former place as a coördinating medium and police agency. This is what our old-school individualists advocate. If this is done we shall have to reconstruct our economic life on some guild or syndicalist basis that will ensure the efficient performance of social services; and we shall be obliged to give the political government in its diminished sphere of action sufficient authority to maintain an equilibrium of interests among the social classes, whose present conflicts are virtually chronic civil war.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN BELGRADE

BY IVAN DOLENEC

From *Mladika, March*
(SLOVENIAN LITERARY MONTHLY)

EARLY this morning three Gypsy bands came into the courtyard of our neighbor Zivko Srbich and played and sang in his honor. For this is his *Slava* day, his day of 'glorifying.' He is celebrating the feast of the Archangel Michael, which is said to be the anniversary of the day on which his forefathers accepted Christianity. The Archangel is the patron not only of Srbich's house, but of the houses of all his male relatives, distant or near, whose blood runs back for centuries

and centuries to the original Christian Srbich; and so quite likely it will continue to be for many generations.

In his living-room stands an icon of the Archangel, before which a light is burning continually throughout the year. Of course to-day the icon is especially garlanded for the occasion; and on the table burns a huge candle, in honor of the family patron.

All labor is suspended during the observance of *Slava*. This is a holiday observed with greater solemnity than

any other holiday of the year. The women have toiled for days to give the house a thorough cleaning, and to make it possible for every member of the family to appear in his or her best finery. They have prepared a huge Slava *kolach* or cake and a special Slava dish of wheat, known as *kolyivo*. In pagan times *kolyivo* was the lamb, or kid, or ram, sacrificed on the altar to Perun, Svetovit, Vesna, Devana, or some other ancient deity of the Slavs. When they accepted Christianity, the people were told that the Christian God and his saints do not wish animals to be sacrificed to them, that instead a dish of boiled white wheat would be offered them. So now the *kolyivo* is made of wheat sweetened and mixed with walnuts or almonds.

To-day Zivko Srbich, attired in his best holiday garb, sits in his house and receives his visitors. The door barely closes behind one caller when it again opens and admits another or perhaps a whole party. At times as many as ten people are sitting on little stools in a semicircle before the *gospodar*.

First of all are his relatives. As long as the father lives, the sons cannot observe their own Slava but must assemble in their parents' home. In addition there are numerous cousins from the country, who, like the sons and daughters, usually remain as guests for a few days or a week.

Besides his kinsmen scores of acquaintances and friends call to wish Srbich a happy Slava. Since a great number of Belgrade families 'glorify' on this day — only Saint Nicholas having more Slavas than Archangel Michael — the hackmen do a big business. Many a citizen has to hire a conveyance in order to complete his Slava calls; and half-a-dozen carriages stand in front of a single house.

Since I am his neighbor and often drop in at his courtyard evenings, I

too call on Gospodar Srbich. He has not specially invited me — the man is getting old and forgetful — but I am sure that he will be delighted to have me come; for a Serb is never happier than when his house is crowded with guests and visitors. That is an unmistakable sign that the head of the family is a prominent man, in whose home genuine old Slav hospitality is still found — a man who can 'please and honor' his guests. Moreover, on this day even a total stranger has a right to call and be entertained.

The mistress of the house receives me at the entrance. I kiss her hand and say: 'May the Slava be happy!' Our Slovenian backs are rather stiff when it comes to bending over to kiss a person's hand, but in Belgrade hand-kissing is as customary as, for instance, in Croatia or in Russia.

I wish a happy Slava also to the master of the house. A girl — a relative of the mistress — brings me a piece of the Slava cake baked of unbolted flour. Custom requires that. The cake is blessed. They have taken it to the church. They would rather have had the 'pope,' or parish priest, come to the house to bless it, but as this is a day of many Slavas in Belgrade it was physically impossible for him to do so. The good father therefore requested them to bring the cake to the church, adding with a smile that this would be his only opportunity to see most of them in the sacred edifice. Although the churches in Belgrade are few and small, they are never filled, not even during the services on Sundays and holidays. The Serb is not usually an unbeliever, but he is often more preoccupied with this world than with the next. Also, the rules of the Orthodox Church do not require him to attend church, even on Sundays.

After the cake comes the *kolyivo*, followed by a few cups of wine or

brandy with pastries. While the greetings and toasts are more or less stereotyped, the conversation in between flows freely. Finally they serve coffee, which is the sign that the caller may depart without offending the household.

Slava, of course, involves heavy expense for many families. I once lived in the house of the widow of a gymnasium professor, whose husband had died a prisoner of war in Austria. Though her means were very limited, she received over sixty Slava visitors, of whom twelve remained for dinner. She told me that before the war her husband, the late professor, on this day entertained all his brighter pupils; and the family had to save up money for Slava for months in advance.

The observance lasts two days, the second day being allotted chiefly to women's calls — that is, to calls of widows and unmarried girls.

Societies, military organizations, schools and other institutions have their Slava. In January, on the day of Saint Sava, all the schools, including the universities, 'glorify.' Slava of the Karageorges, the royal family, falls on the day of Saint Andrew, in December.

I attended the last Slava celebration of the Third Belgrade Gymnasium. The principal first received the visitors and listened to their good wishes. Later the faculty and the student body assembled in the Gymnasium hall; there the principal explained to them the history of Slava, which reaches back to the dawn of Serbia's history as a nation. 'Where Serbs, there Slava,' he said, and urged them always to observe the custom faithfully. Then the school 'pope' or chaplain chanted long prayers and the students responded, also chanting. Afterward a few hymns were sung and declamations were delivered. The celebration culminated with the cutting and distribution of the Slava cake.

Slava therefore plays an important part in both Serbian private and public life. In my opinion it is directly responsible for a certain ease exhibited by the people in social intercourse. The self-possessed courtesy of the Serbs in any company is striking. This is in no small part due to the custom of making ceremonial calls.

Indeed social life in Serbia is delightfully free and unaffected. On Sundays or in the evenings people gather in the houses or in the courtyards of their friends and discuss the problems and events of the day. Caste barriers are practically unknown.

Nowadays all social observances, including Slava, are burdensome for many families, especially for government officials without other income than their meagre salaries. Such a man's relatives or friends may be fairly prosperous merchants, whose hospitality he can no longer return on the same scale as that he receives — a situation that deeply wounds his in-born Serbian pride.

But it was no burden to celebrate Slava in the good old patriarchal days, when every family in Belgrade had its own house and garden, when prices were low, when, in fact, one could have free mutton if he had slaughtered a sheep and sold the skin across the river in Austria.

The Serb is now praying for the return of those good old times — for the idyllic life of the days before the war. There is a little tale going the rounds that illustrates this feeling. The Lord one day asked the representatives of the various nations what they wished. The German prayed for power, the Frenchman for glory, the Russian for vodka. But the Serb begged the Heavenly Father to grant him many pleasant meetings with his friends, so that he might, as of yore, 'talk things over with them' — *da se pogovorimo*.

PEKING THE IMPECUNIOUS

BY A CORRESPONDENT

From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, March 22
(KOBE ANGLO-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

It has become a trite saying that the Great War has changed man's outlook on life. Those idealists who saw in war an infallible means of uplifting and invigorating the race must have come to realize that their theory was built on a fallacy, and those who expected a refinement of the moral fibre are no doubt shedding tears of disappointment. In the realm of finance we find the legal as well as the moral obligation to pay so blatantly denied that debts no longer worry the normal human being. When Governments go back on their promise to exchange their paper for the amount of metal represented on its face, and merrily manufacture more promissory paper notes, which they can have no intention of ever redeeming, it must be evident that this reversion of formerly accepted principles cannot fail to react on ordinary people.

And thus we find that the person who ten years ago contemplated suicide because he owed his neighbor a sum of money, which he saw no prospect of repaying, nowadays views his financial embarrassments in an entirely different light. He may now owe ten times more, but what does it matter — nobody pays!

Russia has no intention of paying, Austria cannot pay, France cannot pay unless somebody else who cannot pay pays her, and Germany, who is supposed to pay everybody else, and evidently cannot, feels inclined to take the sponge and wipe the slate clean.

Schwamm darüber having become the policy of those who should set the ex-

ample of financial integrity for the multitude, those of the latter who are financially embarrassed find in this principle an easy way of getting over their troubles. Why worry? My own personal obligations do not exceed six figures, whereas no ordinary newspaper has columns wide enough to compress the debts of my betters.

There can be no doubt that the financial mess into which Europe has managed to get herself has reacted on the individual in the manner indicated, and many persons who a few years ago would have considered themselves legally and morally bound by their obligations have nowadays thrown the moral part overboard and eagerly cling to any legal quibble that may nullify the rights of the claimant. Out of this morass only one debtor has recently made a successful attempt to shoulder his burden, and it is to be hoped that the example set by Great Britain will tend toward a restoration of that decency in financial obligations without which the economic and commercial veins of civilized man cannot function.

These considerations lead us to the centre of gravity in this country, which is still Peking. The financial situation there is so grave that it is a wonder the government machine has not yet stopped functioning. The financial embarrassment of the so-called Central Government is not unlike, and yet in many respects quite dissimilar, to the situation that confronted Louis XIV when he called the versatile Scotch economist Law to his aid. By its issue

of paper the Government has faithfully followed in Law's footsteps, but it has not as yet evolved a Mississippi scheme by which to restore its depleted treasury.

'Mississippi schemes' have rather been thrust upon the Government, in a reduced edition, by Japan, inasmuch as China has been obliged to issue 40,000,000 yen, or \$20,000,000, in treasury notes for the redemption of the Tsingtau-Tsinanfu Railway. Having no money this is of course the only way in which she can pay Japan for what never belonged to that country, but the 'scheme' becomes significant when China some day is in a position and desires to pay for the railway, for she can only do so provided Japan consents to accept such payment. It is a remarkable way of doing business, and although China has 'got back' her Shantung possessions they are in reality bound hand and foot to her neighbor across the sea.

In this connection it is interesting to read Admiral Kato's and Foreign Minister Uchida's observations regarding Japan's policy toward China. At the opening of the Diet these two statesmen are reported to have said that, as regards China, 'it has been our fundamental policy, as repeatedly declared, strictly to avoid interference and observe impartiality in the internal affairs of that country and help in the awakening and uplifting of the Chinese in the hope that a peaceful and united China may come into being. The Japanese Government is firmly convinced that it is to the best interests of Japan to maintain this policy.'

No one who has the best interests of both countries at heart will deny that if this conviction is based on sincerity it can only redound to the ultimate benefit of these two Oriental Powers; but in the light of past performances one may be forgiven for assuming that Japan's

Foreign Minister had his tongue in his cheek when he gave utterance to those words.

The marvel of all marvels really happened this month. Peking actually managed to weather the lunar storm which threatens every twelvemonth to engulf its Government in a vortex of unpaid bills. The manner of riding off the storm has involved a complicated system of borrowing from Peter in order to pay Paul, Peter receiving enormous interest for his services while the many Pauls have had to be content with accepting a moiety of what was their due.

Teachers, professors, judges, and all government servants have certainly received a small portion of their pay, which was many months in arrear, but as the sums received were a mere fraction of what was actually due, these payments can only serve as a temporary stopgap.

It is evident that a Government which for years has treated its servants in this manner cannot continue forever, and it is a marvel that the association of gentlemen who presume to call themselves the Central Government, and who neither rule nor govern, have been able to keep up the fiction of governing for such a long time.

There are in reality a score of Governments in China, and Peking is certainly not the most powerful among them; but Peking has the advantage of being the only Government recognized by the foreign Powers, and it would seem that this formal recognition is the only plank which keeps the ship of state afloat.

Indirectly, therefore, the foreign Powers are responsible for the continuation of the present farcical Central Government, for no one doubts that if this recognition were withdrawn the Peking Government would crumble to pieces within a week.

But the foreign Powers are certainly on the horns of a dilemma, for a repudiation of Peking would necessarily entail the recognition of some other faction. But which? There are so many aspirants to supreme power, each one of whom dictates, almost daily, to Peking, that to support any of them with a view to facilitating the creation of a stable and strong government would be equivalent to backing a horse in a race in which there are twenty starters.

The attitude of the foreign Powers, with regard to the present Peking Government, therefore becomes one of avoidance from slipping from the frying pan into the fire, and as long as these conditions prevail the Central Government will continue to stew in its own fat.

Indications are, however, not wanting that this anomalous state of affairs cannot last much longer and that some kind of change must take place in spite of the supineness of the ordinary Chinese citizen. Generally speaking, he takes no interest in politics beyond those that concern his own village pump, and it is all the same to him whether the Anhui, the Chihli, the Anfu, the Mukden, the Kuomintang or any other faction is supreme in the land. Lately, however, he has been subjected to more than ordinary interference by bandit bands of discharged and undischarged soldiers, who have burned and looted to an extent that has made him 'furiously to think.' He is now in a frame of mind susceptible to any influence that approaches him for the purpose of stirring up his lethargic village blood, the sluggishness of which has hitherto prevented him from looking across the border.

The first to take action is the merchant class, which is organizing a nation-wide protest against the militarists and denouncing the tuchuns as men who

are ruining the country. The merchants are being supported by the students, and Labor has cast in its lot with both. But the movement has been checked temporarily owing to unfortunate happenings during a strike by railway men.

Briefly, the right to strike was denied them by the authorities who seized and executed a number of their leaders, on the plea that they were not workers but mere hired agitators and 'disturbers of the peace.' It is the familiar cry of Capital all over the world: the working-man would be content and happy if it were not for those professional agitators! Ordinary people are allowed to engage professional advisers — lawyers — to fight for them and to conduct their cases in court, but Labor, the members of which undeniably are incapable of presenting their case in a proper manner, are denied this right. And so a poor lawyer and others who were engaged to help the workers were made a head shorter by the authorities.

These events have so frightened the merchants that they have cancelled the date originally set for the nation-wide demonstration against the tyranny of the tuchuns, but it is safe to assume that a fresh impulse will soon again be given to the movement. Such demonstrations will of course not do away with these provincial leeches, but they will at any rate clearly show the feelings of the populace toward their tormenters and to that extent lessen the burden of those who will eventually have to remove them.

It is but a few months since the present writer pointed out the remarkable difference between Dr. Sun Yat-sen and all the other claimants for power, inasmuch as the former, in spite of his having been utterly defeated in a military sense and having been compelled to flee from his capital (Canton), nevertheless continued to exercise an

influence in the land second to none of the tuchuns with armies to back them up.

It was described at the time how this defeated leader was being made much of by all parties sending emissaries to his humble abode in the French Concession in Shanghai, and now we find Dr. Sun again in Canton in his old office as President of the Southwest.

How are these things to be explained? These tuchuns, generals, and presidents, whether acting, dismissed, or fleeing for their life, seem to travel all over the country without anybody doing them any harm. It would, for instance, have been as easy as possible to have prevented Dr. Sun and his party from reaching Canton if 'enemies' had been so disposed; but nothing happened. On the contrary, on his arrival in Hongkong, which has hitherto been anything but friendly toward Dr. Sun and his political creed, the Governor of that British colony fêted him at dinner, the students of the university were permitted to carry him shoulder high, and a royal reception was given to him and his party before they betook themselves to Canton. Why this remarkable change from the breath

of a refrigerating chamber to the temperature of a greenhouse?

Is it too much to assume that when Peking, Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, and all the other party leaders have clearly shown that they are impotent as long as they have the Doctor against them, the foreign Powers, led by Great Britain, have come to the same conclusion? The foreign Powers can do nothing in China as long as they have Sun Yat-sen against them. And he, the so-called dreamer, the unpractical, the visionary, as he has been so frequently dubbed by the foreign press, has been so practical as to realize that, as long as he has the foreign Powers against him, he can do little or nothing for China. And that is probably the reason why, a few weeks before his departure for Canton, he issued a manifesto in which, among other things, the important admission was made that China stood in need of foreign capital in order to develop her mineral wealth, railways, industries, and so forth.

From that moment there has not been a discordant note in the official foreign press in its comments on Dr. Sun and his doings in Canton. We all now understand each other, and it is a beautiful world.

THE CONQUERORS OF NORTH AFRICA

BY GENERAL MANGIN

[General Mangin's article represents a portion of the introductory lecture of his lecture course at the Société des Conférences.]

From *L'Opinion*, March 9
(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY WEEKLY)

THÉOPHILE GAUTHIER has written that Africa begins at the Pyrenees, and some Spaniards have never forgiven him this statement; but for my part I prefer to say that Europe does not end until the Sahara Desert begins. For the Mediterranean Sea unites the inhabitants of its shores far more than it divides them. Around this beautiful inland sea the most ancient civilizations of history had their birth, developed in their strength, and then passed down the torch of civilization one to another. There is such a thing as a Mediterranean world, and northern Africa, which to-day is almost entirely French, has always been a part of it.

The Greek myth of Hercules opening a way between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic rests upon fact; at least it is certain that at a relatively recent geological period Spain and Morocco were united by land, and it is probable that at the same time Italy was united with Tunis. One encounters the same strata of rocks on the two banks of the Mediterranean, the same plants and the same animals. Everything bears witness to their oneness, even the troops of monkeys that clamber among the rocks at Gibraltar.

The Greeks bestowed upon the whole of northern Africa between the Mediterranean and the Sahara the name of Libya, which is to-day reserved for the desert country lying between Cyre-

naica and Egypt; the Romans gave the name of Africa to Tunis, and we have to-day extended its application to the whole continent. Numidia and the two Mauritanias extended from the Roman province of Africa toward the west, and Arabs called this country Moghreb, or the Western Country, since it was the most westerly of all their conquests. Historians and students of ethnography suggest the name Berbery, because the Berbers have been its inhabitants since the beginning of historic time and still form the chief part of its population.

Did the Berbers come from the plateaux of Abyssinia, Asia Minor, or Spain? We do not know — probably we never shall. The Romans, who understood well enough that the present emerges from the past, endeavored to get some kind of idea about the history of the peoples with whom they fought, so as to make it easier to govern them. Sallust, learned and gifted with an inquiring mind, traveled here and was a governor of Numidia. He is said to have been recalled because of graft, but it is the historians who say this and perhaps they may be suspected of envying a brilliant colleague.

However that may be, Sallust has preserved for us a tradition handed down by Hiempsal II, who wrote the history of the Numidians. According to him the land is said to have been peopled by the Gætulians and Libyans,

savages who lived on meat and chewed grass like animals. After the death of Hercules in Spain his army is said to have broken up for lack of a leader; the Persians, the Medes, and the Armenians crossed the Strait, where they mingled with the native Africans, who gave birth to the Numidians and Moors.

Hiempsal probably sets down one of those myths with which the fertile imagination of the Greeks supplied their own history and those of other peoples. It rests on a foundation of fact, since northern Africa has been a melting pot for the various races who have here mingled to form the Berbers. In the Djurdjura, in the Ahures, and in Algeria, the variety of human types — in which the color of the hair goes from pale reddish to black, and the color of the skin goes from pink to a very deep brown — indicates the diversity of origin. In certain Moroccan tribes blondes are very numerous, and someone has said that the members of Djemma, that is the council of the Kabyles, differ from the *Conseil municipal* of a French village only in their clothes. Egyptian documents speak of the Libyan barbarians, whom they represent with a white skin, blonde hair, and blue eyes. This race seems to have extended from eastern Europe to the Sahara, and from Mt. Sinai to the Canaries, where we find people who were certainly Berbers.

In the Atlas Mountains and the Souss district of Morocco, through the whole Sahara down to the Niger River, the same language is spoken with various dialects. This language is written in old Libyan letters that form the *tefinah* alphabet of the Tuaregs. This similarity of language, and the existence of an alphabet which is distinct from all the other alphabets known, indicate an ancient organization, which implies a degree of unity and the beginning of a civilization. Europe had

to wait for contact with Asia before she had any way of writing.

Adhering strictly to established facts, it is possible to assert that southern and eastern Europe and northern Africa were partly peopled by several of the same races, for the Iberians and the Celtiberians of Spain are cousins of the Berbers.

Northern Africa makes its entrance into history about the twelfth century before Christ, when the Phœnicians had established themselves on its coasts. Confined between the Libyan Desert and the sea, this race of merchants rapidly became sailors, and in its chief cities, Tyre and Sidon, there soon sprang up that 'Fair of the Nations' of which the Prophet Isaiah speaks — a vast market where everything was for sale. But since these people had no art and no literature, their civilization has passed away and it is difficult to discover traces of it. Sometimes it seems as though they perfected industries that were already known to the Egyptians, such as the making of glass and bronze. Viewed in this light they are rather important, for they were the means of spreading Oriental knowledge around the Mediterranean basin and they developed from the Egyptian alphabet the twenty-two letters from which our own are derived.

The Greeks, first rivals of the Phœnicians, swarmed through the northern Mediterranean; their only African station is Cyrene. These two seafaring peoples came into contact in Sicily and struggled there for a long time; Carthage, originally a Phœnician colony, took the place of Tyre, which fell into decadence. It made an alliance with Xerxes against the Greeks, and then with Rome against Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus.

Carthage in her turn colonized the coasts of Spain, and the Carthaginian admiral Hanno established three hun-

dred stations on the Atlantic coast, among them Tingris (the modern Tangiers) and Solah (the modern Sale, opposite Rabat), and the most southern of these stations was in Guinea. Carthage held Sardinia, took Corsica away from the Phœnicians, and held all the islands of the Mediterranean. She grew steadily until opposite her another rival began to appear and war with Rome began for the possession of Sicily.

Phœnician civilization played the same part in Africa that it played in Tyre and Sidon—the part of the mediary. Being essentially mercantile in character it paid no attention to the people of these stations except as they afforded markets for industry.

It made use of the Berbers as mercenaries in its armies, where they met soldiers from the whole Mediterranean world, under the command of Greek officers who insisted upon using their own language in military commands. In this way the Berbers found their way to Spain, Gaul, and Italy, and subdued all the islands of the western Mediterranean. Those who survived returned to their homes with amazing and confusing memories and a prodigious vision of the world, with its likenesses and differences. But not for a moment did their Carthaginian masters make the slightest effort toward organizing the scattered peoples among whom they established themselves. It was by imitation, by mere influence, that some of the Berbers came to worship the gods of Carthage as well as their own, and that they began sometimes to speak the Carthaginian language.

Roman policy was quite different. The ruling race annexed the gods of the conquered to their own without taking them away from their original possessors, and Tanit continued to be adored at Carthage, even while she was taking her place in the capital at Rome under

her new Roman name of 'the Heavenly Goddess.' Baal Hammon became Saturn, and even Saturnus Augustus under the Empire, and his temples multiplied in Africa. In Roman eyes religions were local affairs. The conquerors prayed to the gods of the conquered, and in order to be sure not to leave any of them out they prayed to all of them at once under the name of 'the Moorish gods,' for the safety of the empire and the success of their armies. In this way religious cults became one link more between all the inhabitants of a given land, no matter what their race or what their condition.

The Roman conquest was made at the expense of Carthage alone. The real natives took part on both sides, but the greater number turned toward the Romans because the latter were not exerting their forces against the Berbers themselves. Their victory here was free from those terrible chastisements with which it was too often accompanied in ancient times, and no hatred could follow. The racial similarity between the native population and the newcomers was as pronounced as it had been in Gaul and in Spain. Knowledge of Latin spread rapidly and was greatly aided by the growth of Christianity, which followed the same course throughout the Roman world and in the beginning was accompanied by the same persecutions everywhere.

The ideal of the natives was to be as much like the Romans as possible, to acquire the right of citizenship, the privilege of wearing the toga, and the exercise of office. After a few generations, assimilation began. Latin immigrants helped it along. Colonies of business men came from Italy in large numbers. Great Roman families bought land in Africa. As we should say to-day, they invested their capital and developed their mandates. The Numidians began to take Roman names, without

in the least denying their origin, in which they had no feeling of shame, for it was not regarded as a reproach and deprived them of no rights. One of them, in the person of Severus, sat upon the throne of the Cæsars.

Taken as a whole, the imperial domination was beneficent to Roman Africa; and Roman Africa, the granary of Rome, enjoyed a prosperity to which the numerous ruins that we still admire to-day bear witness, in spite of the distressing havoc wrought during the barbarian invasion, which went on for a long time while our civilization, blind to its own beginnings, was slowly growing up.

Arising again from its ruins, Carthage was undoubtedly the greatest port of the whole world. Thanks to ancient documents, and above all to votive or funeral inscriptions which to-day have been collected by the thousands, we can reconstruct the life of the great cities and even of the less important towns. Christianized Africa gave St. Augustine and Tertullian, to mention only the most celebrated, but under the Antonine emperors it had already produced Cornelius Fronto, a tutor and friend of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as well as a whole school of rhetoricians, who were the admiration of Rome, where many of them lived. The Africans excelled above all in eloquence and in philosophy rather than in poetry. In stories and novels there were such masters as Apuleius, a rival of his contemporary, Lucian. Apuleius tells us that in Africa the people were fond of what we regard as a modern institution — the lecture.

But in spite of our admiration for the work of our predecessors, we must admit that they halted before the mountains and the desert and that the inhabitants of certain mountain ranges remained independent, as well as the Gætulians, whom we call Tuaregs,

and who wandered in what is to-day the Sahara. Even after Rome had pacified the country, brigandage flourished and was hard to repress. In Gaul it was quite different, for there were no mountains and no forests to shelter a rebellious population, and from the Alps to the Rhine everyone obeyed the laws of the Empire. We may say that in Africa the Romans were not Roman enough.

In the fifth century Genseric's Vandals passed across the Strait, together with the Alains and some Goths, having been called in by Count Boniface. This Germanic invasion let the whole civilization go into ruins and set up at Carthage a barbaric empire that lasted more than a century — from 415 to 531. The invaders were Christians, but they belonged to the Arian sect and persecuted the Catholic inhabitants with terrible intolerance. Berber risings completed the dissolution of all northern Africa until at length the Emperor dispatched his general, Belisarius, to set up the authority of Byzantium anew; and for another period of more than a century, until 642, Africa endeavored to rebuild her ruins.

Now come the Arabs, who were to extend their sway from the Red Sea on the east to the Atlantic on the west. The Berbers had absorbed all the Carthaginians whose lives the Romans had spared, as well as all the Latins whom Italy had sent to colonize Africa. The Vandals and the other German barbarians had disappeared in the same way, leaving no traces. Meantime numerous Jews had settled among them as the result of revolutions in Palestine and the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. Byzantines and a Levantine mixture of Greeks, Slavs, and Armenians were absorbed in the same way.

The Berbers are a composite race including the most diverse elements,

which draw in all other races and readily absorb them. They are ready to receive any exterior imprints, yet they remain themselves. Brave, energetic, resisting fiercely, they yield sometimes to a single blow. They accept the laws, the customs, the religion, and even the language of their conquerors, but at the bottom the race persists, immovable amid its temporary changes. The thirst for independence, ancient customs, and the Berber language reappears.

The Arabs preceded their conquests with a series of formidable raids. The last expedition led by Okba took them to the Atlantic coast, where their leader on his prancing charger cried, 'Allah, you are witness that I can go no farther'; but on his return journey Okba was beaten and killed by Berber rebels who had reorganized. After a few successes another invader, Zobeir, suffered the same fate. The Berbers went through a period of anarchy and then were reunited under the authority of a queen descended from their ancient kings; whose tribe had been converted to the Jewish religion; the Arabs called her the Kahena — that is the Seeress. At first victorious, this Berber queen could not hold out against the Arab armies who were constantly being reinforced, and after a heroic struggle she died gloriously in her last battle.

Resistance ceased when the Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun-al-Raschid, sent as governor Ibrahim-Ben-Agleb, who carried out a work of reconciliation between the Arabs and the Berbers. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, fairly close relations grew up between the Christians and Moham-

medans in Africa. In spite of African piracy, sea-borne commerce maintained a degree of activity, for treaties, though often violated, afforded some protection to the ships of the Italian republics and the kingdoms of France and Spain.

The Berber tribes, however, fell more and more under the influence of the newcomers. Already Mohammedan in religion, they became Arabic in language and customs, even though the Arabic element among them did not achieve a political preponderance. In the sixteenth century, the Berber lands were broken down and ruined by influences among the Arabs themselves.

Now two new powers make their appearance on the coast of northern Africa — the Spaniards and the Turks. They established themselves there and struggled, with the natives sometimes as allies, sometimes as enemies. The wars in Italy and Flanders called the Spaniards away from Spain, especially as they were engaged in the conquest of the New World, which was a source of easier and larger profits; but the Turks, going by sea, established themselves first on the coasts at Tunis, Algiers, and Oran, and then they made their way into the interior, establishing themselves at Tieteri and Constantine. The Sultan at Constantinople, fearing that his representative at Algiers was declaring his independence, made frequent changes. After the close of the sixteenth century the term was only three years. In spite of this division of authority, the Turks set up a government that lasted until the French conquest in the nineteenth century.

THE RUSSIAN SOUL: LABEL OR LIBEL?

BY BORIS SUVORIN

[Boris Suworin is the son of Alexei Suworin, who spent his life as editor and chief owner of the daily, Novoe Vremia, which once filled the place in Petrograd that Le Temps fills in Paris. At present M. Suworin is editor of Vechnee Vremia, a paper which he began in Petrograd before the war and still continues in the Balkans. His tendencies have always been monarchistic. He has no sympathy whatever for the Left.]

From *La Grande Revue*, February
(PARIS LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

'THE soul of another,' says an old Russian proverb, 'is darkness.' Yet whenever Russia or Russia's art or Russia's misfortunes attract attention, everything, no matter what, — from Chaliapin and the Ballet Russe to the revolutions of Kerenskii and Lenin, — is explained with the same catchword. It is 'the Russian soul.'

This catchword is supposed to explain the whole thing. The phrase, it must be admitted, is not a bad one, for no doubt the 'soul' of a people does explain its life, its art, and its politics; but we must understand that mere words, in and of themselves, explain nothing. Pasting labels right and left will never solve the problem.

It is so easy to say: 'A woman loves her husband and yet deceives him — oh, well, the Russian soul.' 'A pure young girl gives herself to a worthless scoundrel — it is the Russian soul.' 'Soldiers dying for the Tsar — the Russian soul.' 'Soldiers murdering their officers — the Russian soul.' 'Nijinskii dancing a ballet — the Russian soul.' 'Lenin massacring his fellow countrymen — the Russian soul.' All the more reason for me to say that *tout expliquer* is not by any means *tout comprendre*, and that those who take such delight in this multicolored label are guilty of a great sin against their contemporaries.

Have these people who, with an inexpressible airiness, describe the unfortunate and 'mysterious' (this is to make the writer more interesting) Russian soul — or, as they sometimes say, 'Slavic soul' — ever had anything to do with it? Have they ever tried to find in that vast array of paradoxes, of good and of bad, anything more than a well-turned phrase — helped out with a few daubs of local color? To be sure, there are exceptions, writers of talent who do not stop the minute they strike something incomprehensible to them, but who study and who even reach conclusions. But these, alas, are so few that their voices are drowned beneath the chorus chanting in unison the same refrain about the unhappy Slavic or Russian soul.

I have even read an interview with Trotskii, in a great newspaper, in which one of these marvelous psychologists found Slavic characteristics in the Napoleon of the Red Internationale. How sad to reflect that M. Bronstein — who for some reason or other wants to be called Trotskii — has not a single drop of Slavic blood in his veins! But the writer's comments made a very good article and he really wanted to find something Slavic in the rather Mephistophelian features of Comrade Trotskii.

I do not mean to say that the Rus-

sian soul is as clear as a mountain brook and that one has only to look into it to see straight to the bottom. By no means. I merely wish to protest against the bad habit of treating our people, our history, art, and science as if they were something abnormal. Not only do I find this unsatisfactory, but, more than that, I find it dangerous. People will always have to deal with Russia, and if they are content with mere labels, they will never really know anything about her, and will reap nothing but disillusion.

Look at the Germans! Sentimental as they are, — when they are listening to a Schumann melody or drinking beer with a pretty *fräulein* in the moonlight at some inn among historic ruins, — even they study Russia, know her and understand her. They are the ones who are conquering Russia, and who will continue to do so. They are the ones who, under William II, — the most monarchistic monarch in the world, — sent Lenin into Russia. They knew very well what they were doing when, in the early days of our first revolution, — the one that has been hypocritically called great and peaceful, — when the Allies were applauding this ‘magnificent act’ of the popular conscience, all the best officers of our navy were massacred at Wiborg and at Helsingfors, beginning with Népénin, the admiral of the Baltic Fleet. ‘Mere coincidence,’ someone may say. I do not believe it. The revolution was as warmly welcomed at Berlin as it was in London or Paris. The Allies fell into a trap prepared by the Germans because they were sentimentalists, moonstruck dreamers, and disciples of that sublime formula, the mystery of the Russian soul.

Read the pages written by the French Ambassador at Petrograd, M. Paléologue, and you will see the terror due to his perfect understanding that be-

hind this revolution was nothing but an approaching debacle. M. Paléologue was not a dreamer. He knew well enough that it is not easy to dissect a people’s soul. There are phenomena that he could not understand. Every soul is a mystery; but he saw in the Russian mind various phases. He wanted to know and wanted to understand, to break the mystery.

Alas, there was no one to believe him. Big words and trifling talk won the day, and every day brought closer with infernal speed the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. It was Germany, practical Germany, that really knew Russia, that won on the Eastern Front, and not the crowd of sentimentalists who hymned the beauty of the Russian revolutionary soul.

The German, so sentimental in the moonlight, is always practical enough by day. Russia attracted him through her immensity and her riches, and a vast colony of the future *Weltmeister* extended from the Vistula to the waters of the Pacific. They were not satisfied with saying ‘the Russian soul, the sublime Russian soul, the incomparable Russian soul.’ They hunted for reasons, they sought the good and the bad in this great people, one of whom I have the honor to be. They studied Russia and the Russian character with all its qualities, good and bad.

When the war came, the Germans showed that they were not mistaken. They knew well enough the value of the Russian soldier, the Russian officer — and also, unfortunately, the Russian politician. They knew well enough how terrible the shock would be, and if they took their time about transferring to the Russian front several divisions from the Marne, they knew well enough what they were doing. With the amazing exactness that characterizes them, our enemies knew what they had to know. They were quite as well

aware as the French that Chaliapin is a great artist, that the Ballet Russe is the very summit of choregraphic art; they read Turguenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoevskii, but they never forgot our great soldiers — men like Suvoroff, Skobeleff, and Kutuzoff, concerning most of whom the French, thanks to the label, knew almost nothing. The very name of the most famous of our generals, the great Suvoroff, is changed to Souvaroff ('sometimes called Suvoroff,' remarks the magnificent *Larousse* parenthetically). Kutuzoff, to whom fell the great honor of conquering Napoleon in 1812, is well known among the Germans, for he might have been their enemy. They studied the campaigns of this pupil of Suvoroff's while our friends the Allies were reflecting that the cold and the Russian soul had combined to overcome Napoleon's incomparable army. In the minds of the Germans who approached our literature, our history, and our politics, there was always the question 'Why?' which had to be cleared up. With the French quite the reverse. There was no question why so long as they had their formula — 'the Russian soul.'

My father, Alexei Suvorin, founder of *Novoe Vremia*, friend of Paul Déroulède, friend of France, could never explain why the French are unwilling to learn to know Russia. This old journalist, the best man of his kind in Russia, was always asking why the journalists and the writers of France did not care to know. I was a little boy thirteen or fourteen years old when the fêtes took place at Toulon, and the reception of our sailors at Paris — fêtes that had been organized in the beautiful French capital which all Russians, from the humblest immigrant to the greatest nobleman, admire. I shall never forget the moment when, perched on the coachman's seat, a simple little boy with tears in his eyes at the sight of

this great Paris throng, I was hailed with acclaim because I was a little Russian boy with a little Russian flag in his hand, and because the good old coachman carried another little Russian flag in his tall white hat. That was the honeymoon of the union between Tsarist Russia and Republican France.

I shall never believe the abominable slander, 'made in Germany,' which had it that our good relations were simply good business. But there are Frenchmen still who, with an unbelievable frivolity, spread these silly legends abroad. With their 'trips of the Grand Dukes,' 'boyars,' and their 'knouts,' they turned everything into ridicule and insisted that white bears walked up and down the Nevskii Prospect in Petrograd. They interested themselves in trifling details without ever seeking to understand the growth of our great country. The white bear, the Russian soul, the boyars — one of these words is worth about as much as another. But people cling to the false and deceitful formula, to words that mean nothing at all.

Nevertheless every writer, every careful reader, every journalist, who takes even a little interest in Russia and things Russian, can easily see how closely we are linked to France and to French culture. I do not mean to say that we have studied the French mind and the French character, but in our relations with France, which have often been so bloody, we always sought something that might explain the spirit of the French. If we do not know it to the bottom, at least we do not make such stupid blunders as this, nor know the French mind so little as the French know the Russian soul.

Unfortunately that is not true of the French press. Again and again ideas about Russia have been printed which can be characterized only as freaks.

Why does the French press commit blunders like these, which can lead only to misunderstanding? Alas, I can come to one conclusion only: people do not want to understand us.

'Yes,' someone may say to me, 'but you are an émigré yourself, a journalist who has lost contact with his country, a Bohemian, a kind of Wandering Jew. You do not know what is going on in Russia. The Russian soul is making itself anew before your eyes and you see nothing. Those who have studied it in Russia know it better than the Russian who has been torn from his fatherland.'

Well, they may be right — these people who entertain me with these opinions, sometimes logical, sometimes trivial, but never proved. Yet even though handicapped — pardon the sporting phrase — by the abyss yawning between the Russia of our dreams and the internationalized Russia of the Soviets, still we remain Russian, and we see only a complete lack of understanding where Russia is concerned. We see that Russia is falling into the most terrible oblivion, and that only conventional questions are being asked about her. It is our deep and constant friendship, almost our love, I might say, for France that requires us Russian writers and journalists of our generation to tell this truth frankly to our friends, even at the cost of appearing a trifle blunt. Recognizing our own faults and the errors of our judgment, nevertheless we insist on making known the truth which is so cleverly concealed by our enemies and by ignorance of Russian affairs.

Meantime the Russian writer, Maxim Gor'kii, who has just broken off his relations with Red Moscow, is publishing his impressions of the Russian soul. He finds immediate belief because he is an authority. Gor'kii is a man who ought to know — a democrat him-

self, of peasant origin, 'a self-made man,' and a talented writer, he has helped to organize and follow the whole development of the revolution. He has been able to study this strange soul. He had already founded a school of revolutionary propaganda before 1917. Surely from him we ought to hear praises of the Russian people, the holy Russian democracy, and the 'Russian soul.' But unhappily it is not so at all. Once a vagabond, Gor'kii has become rich. He has attained influence in the Soviets and now there are no crimes of which he does not accuse his people.

In a newspaper which snatched up immediately these words of Gor'kii's, I have just read that ours is the most barbarous, ferocious, the most cruel people in the world. Gor'kii mentions horrible examples with almost Sadistic joy.

Himself a waif of the great revolution for which he cleared the way, and which he saw degenerate into massacre and famine, he blames all its horror on the unfortunate people who gave him his fortune and his glory, and made of him their judge, almost their god. He was one of the organizers of Bolshevism, he was one of those who spurred on the Russian soul to its moral downfall. Was he not a forerunner of this accursed and cruel revolution when he devoted his great talent to hymning the favorite heroes of his novels, these *bosiaki* (vagabonds) who after all are nothing but idealist apaches?

A renegade is always one of the most malignant beings and the most effective slanderer. When he pronounces this sacred formula, 'the Russian soul,' I foresee danger in the chance that someone may believe these calumnies. With his talent Gor'kii is strengthening the chorus of those who prate about 'the Russian soul.'

If we take extracts from Zola's *La Terre*, or from *Germinal*, we see in-

stances of terrible cruelty, but is that the French soul? I do not wish to exalt the Russian character. I wish neither to deny its vices nor to exalt its great virtues. A friend of that France which we Russians hope always to see side by side with us, I see a danger in this formula and I utter a warning:

Study Russia, study our history, read our great masters. Come closer to us and do not do it solely by such en-

chanted excursions as that of Herriot, the Socialist Mayor and Deputy of Lyon, to Moscow. The Russian soul is not altogether mysterious for him who wishes to understand, and even if it were we should have to seek for the key to the mystery and not credit slanders instantly merely because they magnify the importance of an abominable label with absolutely nothing behind it.

A WAY WITH LIARS

BY A. N. M.

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 2
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

WE heard that some people named Chivers had taken the Wyverns, and I opened out affably to Mr. Chivers when I overtook and identified him on our hill. I said I hoped they were pleased with their house and with the place generally. 'We are quiet here,' I said, 'but for those who care for the country it is n't a bad place.' Chivers said that he preferred nature to anything, and he mentioned that his half-brother, another lover of nature, was coming to stay with them as soon as they were settled. 'Of course,' he said, 'his specialty is old china.' I said that my wife was very much interested in it too, and that I was sure she would like to compare notes with his brother.

The next day I happened to travel with Blakiston, and I asked him whether he knew Chivers. I said I had spoken to him, and that he seemed a decent fellow. Blakiston said he did n't know him, but he knew his brother. My recently acquired knowledge

prompted me to say, 'Is that the half-brother?'

'Half-brother?' said Blakiston; 'he has n't a half-brother.'

'Yes, he has,' I said. 'He told me so. Interested in old china.'

'Curious!' said Blakiston. 'I never heard of a half-brother.'

'Is there a stepbrother?' I said. 'But I'm sure he said half-brother.'

'Nothing of the kind,' said Blakiston. He might have been annoyed.

It was a day or two later that I met Blakiston at a tea-shop, and after greetings he said: 'See that man in the corner? That's Harold Chivers. I'll introduce you.' He did so, and we sat down at his table. Presently I said that I understood he was very much interested in china. He said: 'No; we do a bit with Singapore, but our main trade is with India.'

I said: 'Oh, but I mean old china.'

'I've never got up much interest in history,' he said, 'but I believe

their civilization is a very ancient one.'

'I'm speaking,' I said, 'of pottery, not of the country.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Chivers. 'Chinese pottery?'

'No, no,' I said. 'Of pottery generally. Old china. I gathered from your brother that it was a particular interest of yours.'

'Pots?' he said.

'Yes, porcelain, you know,' I said persuasively.

'I know nothing about it,' he said, 'and don't care a damn.'

'Have you a half-brother?' I said sternly.

He said: 'No; old Sam, who has just become your neighbor, is the only one.'

'But I understood from him,' I said, 'that you are his half-brother.'

'You understood wrong, then,' he said. He was rather 'short,' and I did n't pursue the subject. I said that I supposed he was coming out to stay with his brother very soon, and he said: 'Not if I know it.' So that subject dropped too. I could n't make out whether Blakiston was or was not making signals to me.

That same evening I came across Chivers — our Chivers — as we left the station, and I said at once: 'I was introduced to your brother to-day. By the by, did n't you say he was a half-brother?'

'Certainly,' said Chivers.

'But he says not,' I blurted out.

'Poor Jim!' said Chivers.

'I thought his name was Harold!' I cried.

'So it is,' he said, 'but he's always Jim to me.'

I waited for an explanation, but it did n't come; so I said it was rather cold for the time of year. Chivers said that his thermometer this morning was lower than it had been in April for seven years.

'You keep a record, then?' I said.

'Always,' said he. And he added that if this went on we might want a plumber to mend our burst pipes. I told him that he would find Parkinson a good man whenever he needed anything done in that way, and he said: 'I've had him. Indeed, he's working for me now.'

It appeared that a rat had gnawed through a lead pipe and caused a leakage. 'What did it do it for?' I said weakly. He said it was impossible to say, but that its body had been found beside the pipe, which showed the teeth marks very plainly. Evidently the rat had died of lead poisoning. Parkinson had tackled the job in a workmanlike way.

I mentioned this to Isabel when I got home and she said: 'Well, that's strange. Parkinson has been down for a week with pneumonia.'

'It must be his man,' I said.

'He has n't got a man; only a boy who comes and looks and then goes away.'

As to the temperature, Isabel said it was nonsense. Unquestionably it was warmer than it had been earlier in the week. We stared at one another in some perplexity.

Chivers began to exercise a kind of fascination over me. He made so many puzzling statements. He said that he used to play cricket with the Whalley Range Club and that his average over a term of years was seventeen. I said I could n't remember his name, and he said that for reasons he need n't go into now he always played under the name Peabody. I could n't remember that name either, and though we must have been contemporaries I could swear that he had never been in the eleven when I played against them. Perhaps he had forgotten to mention that it was the second eleven he played for. I had a delicacy about pursuing inquiries.

And then he asserted that he had taken a small part in *Hamlet* when Miss Horniman put it on at the Gaiety Theatre. 'It's a long cast, as you know,' he said, 'and she got two or three of us to help her.'

Now Miss Horniman never did put on *Hamlet*. However, I thought I would fool him to the top of his bent, and I said: 'You played Reynaldo, did n't you?' He nodded. Of course Reynaldo is invariably cut out in performance. What was he up to?

One ceased to make any attempt at explanation or reconciliation of his various statements. It had become only too clear that Chivers was a liar. He lied with great frequency, and I suppose that those in his environment knew about this peculiarity. It is impossible to lie all the time, because life cannot be carried on without indicating needs or expectations occasionally. But Chivers slipped in a lie wherever he could, and he did n't trouble to make it plausible.

Why did he do it? I suppose it was a kind of disease. Perhaps he had practised 'kidding' as a boy and it had grown upon him till he did it instinctively, joylessly. I think there are a good many liars in the world, but they don't know their state; they are like the weak-minded people who gradually become insane. The strange thing about Chivers was his moderation. He did n't claim to have accomplished great feats or give wildly exaggerated accounts of things. Anyone might have had a half-brother, and an average of seventeen for Whalley Range is respectable, but nothing to boast about. This moderation was staggering; he lied because he preferred a lie to the truth.

I wondered whether it would be possible to cure Chivers, to improve him a little, even to disconcert him. I

thought I would try, so I began to tell him tall stories of my supposed experiences. The difference between us was that I made no attempt at moderation; my lies were open and palpable.

I told him I had been invited to join the next Everest expedition if I could get my weight down a couple of stone — 'you know I used to climb a little,' I said. Chivers stared at this, and when I went on to say that I had to lunch at Buckingham Palace on Friday he got very uneasy. 'Fact is,' I said, 'that the Queen liked a little thing of mine she saw in a magazine and wanted to meet me. And, by the by, Chivers,' I continued, 'do you know anything of the etiquette for an occasion like this? Do I go in a topper and a morning coat or would a navy-blue suit with double-breasted coat and a bowler be the thing?'

I pursued poor Chivers with this kind of stuff. He changed his morning train to avoid me, but I watched for him to come down the hill and pounced out. I told him that Lloyd George had asked for my candid opinion about Liberal unity, that I had gained the Nobel Prize for literature, that our tomcat had kittened. He became a hunted man. I went on being cruel only to be kind. I thought sometimes that, as an artist, he suffered from the crudity of my work; I certainly was n't moderate. He got away for a holiday, but I started on him as soon as he came back. I was n't surprised to hear that he had sold his house. He went off without saying good-bye. But for weeks before he went he had n't said a word to me that was not, I'm sure, strictly true.

I hear that he has gone to live in Southport. I think I shall call on him when I go over there to see if there has been any backsliding.

LEONID ANDREEV

BY ALEXANDER BLOCK

[Alexander Block will be remembered as the author of 'The Twelve,' the most remarkable poem of the Russian Revolution, a translation of which was published in the Living Age of May 15, 1920. He died in Petrograd in 1921.]

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, May 5
(SWISS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

WHY should I now write my reminiscences of Leonid Andreev? Have I memories of him worth recalling? Did we ever work together? Never. Did we often meet? Very seldom, indeed. Did we ever have significant conversations? Once we did have an important talk together; but it made little impression upon either of us, and it had such a tragi-comic ending that I prefer not to dwell upon it. Did I love Leonid Andreev? I do not know. Have I been an ardent admirer of his genius? I cannot say so unreservedly.

Yet I feel that I possess memories of Andreev that are full of meaning. They cover the ten years during which we were acquainted — or was it unacquainted? The significance of these memories lies in the fact that they relate to the common source from which both of us drew inspiration.

My memories are barren of incident; but I always felt that a bond existed between Andreev and myself. At our infrequent meetings we spoke of this; but with an irritating hesitation and awkwardness that invariably chilled us and made us feel like strangers.

For this reason what I shall write now will be cheerless and melancholy. It will be a tale of two people who in their hearts understood each other, but could not or would not express the fact in words. I speak of this the more freely because this spiritual loneliness was not

due to my fault alone; and most of us are spiritually lonely.

The history of the years between the revolutions of 1905 and 1917 is essentially a tale of solitary inspiration for Russian art. But this lonely inspiration was also the best fruit of that epoch.

Men may object that even during those years there were literary societies, and periodicals, and publishers, who gathered around them people of kindred tendencies and schools. All this is true — or seemed to be; only it does not change my opinion, because these movements were sterile of results.

My attitude toward Andreev was determined before I knew him personally; and acquaintance did not modify my feeling. I recall the tremendous impression made on me by *The Life of Vassili of Thebes*, which I read on a rainy autumn night at my country house. Nothing is now left of those places dear to me, where I spent the best years of my life; perhaps the old linden trees still whisper in solitude — if they have been spared.

However, I knew even then that all of us were facing parlous times; that the catastrophe was near at hand; that the monster was lurking at the portal. I knew it even before the first revolution; and *The Life of Vassili of Thebes* confirmed me in this opinion, as did later *Red Laughter* and, with unusual

force, his little story, 'The Thief.' I reviewed this story in *Voprosy Zhizni*. Andreev saw the review and friends told me that he liked it well. I know he would like it; for I answered him — or rather gave him a clue to the meaning and issue of that 'chaos' which he continually carried, or dragged, with him.

I remember, when I had just finished the university course and was becoming a budding young writer, going to different editors asking for advances. On one of these occasions I met Leonid Andreev. I detected in him then nothing of that famous 'chaos.' I saw but a writer already on the road to fame, and felt embarrassed. Andreev knew exactly how to start a conversation. He invited me to call upon him, and I went. He lived upon the Kamennostrovski Prospect, in a very gloomy house.

I next recall a flogging autumn rain, a drenching evening, a gigantic corner room with a bay window facing the Islands and Finland. When one stepped close to the glass panes he could see the long, straight chain of street lights dwindling away into the wet darkness.

A crowd of people in the room — mostly writers, many friends among them. But the things each person talked about were unfamiliar to his neighbor. No one had a connection with anyone else; a black vacuum yawned between them — like the one outside the window. And the most distant, the loneliest of all was Leonid Andreev himself. The more cordial and hospitable he appeared as a host, the lonelier he seemed. This is all the impression I have kept from that evening. It was strengthened by his letter of invitation written in joking form. It was pleasantly jocose; it showed how unpretentious a famous man could be. Anyone would smile at it. But it would cheer no lonely soul.

On that evening, against the back-

ground of wet darkness with the endless string of lights, Andreev was very dear to me — more so than at our other meetings; for that night he was modest and unembarrassed, and did not exhibit his chaos — his terrible pet, which is only more gruesome because one only feels and does not see it.

This meeting occurred in 1906. The following year the first presentation of Andreev's *Life of Man* took place — a work that impressed me profoundly. I recall on this occasion also not Andreev the man, but his atmosphere. The actors managed to suggest the author's mood, to reproduce his spirit on the stage better than even the Moscow Art Theatre has done. The whole company seemed to possess some kinship to Andreev. Even those who played minor parts succeeded in communicating a suggestion of that acute consciousness of chaos which incessantly pursued him.

Life of Man, as well as all of Andreev's works that followed, insistently asks the senseless, irritating question asked by children: 'Why?' No matter what you answer a child, he is apt to ask again: 'Why?' Grown people cannot answer; but they will not confess frankly that they cannot. They prefer to say that it is a 'foolish question,' a 'childish question.' To me this childish questioning by Andreev was his most precious trait. He always put that question, and he was right. To-day all Russia, the big child, asks that question of the world's civilization. But none can answer it so as to preclude the possibility that she will ask again, in that half-indifferent, half-mischievous manner: 'Why?'

Leonid Andreev voiced this question from his innermost self, unceasingly and unconsciously. He answered the question himself, consciously and in a way that became more reasoned as he grew older. Nevertheless the priceless

treasure in the chaotic, dim depth of his mind remained the same. A voice kept calling from it, 'Why? Why?' — reverberating against the walls of the large, cool, modernly furnished apartment in which the famous writer lived in luxury.

I believe that in this sense there was much autobiography in the *Life of Man*. Thanks to the courtesy of the theatre-director Meierhold, I saw the play from behind the scenes. I shall never forget the impression. In the background, a small sofa with the old women sitting upon it; a screen; in the foreground, a round table with chairs. The lamp upon the table and a tiny round beam of light from above alone relieved the darkness. Standing in an obscure corner I looked out upon the audience, whence opera glasses now and then cast their reflections even to my retreat. Next to me the life of man was going on. A physician hurried across the stage, a cigarette in his mouth. Directly in front of me was the square back of 'Somebody in gray,' who threw his words into the audience from a dimly lighted spot. These words seemed to many, and do seem now, commonplace. I recall that the late actor Bravich, even though he spoke them marvelously, grew very tired of them. But there is something in these words that moves me even to-day: —

'See and hear, you who came here for pleasure and amusement. The whole life of man will here unroll before your eyes, with its dark beginning and dark end. Heretofore nonexistent, mysteriously buried in the endlessness of Time, unsuspected by anyone, felt by no one, known by no one. . . . The icy wind of the unlimited spheres is tearing and pressing in vain; the candlelight flickers but it burns brightly. None the less — the wax is melting slowly, devoured by the flame. The wax is melting. . . . And you who came here for pleasure

and for amusement, you who are doomed to die, see and hear. Here, before you, the swiftly flowing life of man will appear, with its joys and sorrows, as a distant and ghostlike echo.'

Andrei Bely said the play was saturated with 'sobbing despair.' It was true. Sobbing despair often welled from Leonid Andreev's bosom. And some among us were infinitely thankful to him for that.

Again, I remember his *Judas Iscariot*, which also moved me deeply. After this, nothing of his ever so held me in its grip. A year later Andreev wrote to me: 'How often have I wanted to call on you, to see you again; but it never comes, it never comes. . . . Why are we both fighting against fate?'

Another year passed. He discovered an excuse to see me — it was my 'Song of Destiny,' a thing he really disliked. But this time also something prevented our meeting. It was in 1909. The clouds of reaction grew heavier. I went to Italy and was so bewitched by its art that I began to shun modern literature and writers, and took refuge in 'solitary inspiration.' Meanwhile Leonid Andreev also became a different man. Many little irritations weighed him down; his fame was great, but critics had no mercy on him, and Andreev was remarkably sensitive to their strictures.

In 1911 he remembered me again. The pretext was a poem of mine. 'Must I write to you or not?' he appended to his letter. 'Perhaps it is unnecessary.' He sent me a book; I believe I sent him books, too; and this was the end — I do not remember whether we ever met again, and even if we did so the words we exchanged were utterly insignificant.

Late in 1916, when I returned to Petrograd on leave of absence, I found a very kind letter in which Andreev asked me to collaborate with him in the newspaper *Russkaia Volia*, in which he

edited the literary and theatrical departments. I declined for political reasons. Leonid Andreev felt very much hurt and wrote me an insulting letter. My leave of absence came to an end, and I left without replying. This terminated our personal acquaintance.

Compared to what Andreev and I knew about each other in our hearts, our conversations and letters, our talks about the Jewish question, about Minister of the Interior Protopopov, about pro-Germanism and the rest, were trifling and uninteresting. And yet, were Leonid Andreev still alive, and were we to meet again, we should find no better topic of conversation than

Communism, or the broken pavement on the Mokhovaia.

It was in his mental chaos, and less frequently in our 'solitary inspiration,' that we really met and called out to each other, independently of our personal intercourse. I know one thing certainly: the real Leonid Andreev, the one who lived within the famous writer, was unspeakably lonesome, unrecognized, and always stood with his face turned to the dark panes of the bay window that faced the Islands and Finland, staring into the wet night and the autumn rain which we both equally loved. Through such a window it was that his last guest, in a black mask, came to him — Death.

CAPTAIN HENRY MORGAN, PIRATE

BY F. G. LAVERS

From the *Daily Telegraph*, May 8
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

HIGH up in the mountainous crest of Jamaica there is a point where the roadway, in its course from Kingston and the South, pauses for a moment on the flat before it passes through Hardware Gap and dips giddily again toward the northern shores of the island. It is approached by a breakneck road of a thousand acute turns, which we have just negotiated; and some three hours out of Kingston, still on the verge of a precipice, we pause, as all good travellers will pause, for a glimpse of the country below. And it will be no mere glance over the shoulder, I warrant, if the conditions are favorable. There is, at the moment, an opaque curtain of rain between us and the desired picture,

and we decide to remain for a while in the hope that it will pass away. We are in luck, for at the end of ten minutes there is a furtive break in the clouds. It widens, to reveal around us deep-cut ravines richly covered with mountain verdure, outlined by sharp-edged ridges, which straggle away to the south and the east.

A moment later, between two spurs in the foreground, opens out the vista for which we have ascended some twenty miles of mountain road. From the wooded plain of Liguanea, at the foot of the mountains, down to the spacious lagoon, which gives it one of the finest harbors of the West Indies, stretches Kingston, the centre of a

panorama of supreme beauty. On the sea level, nearly a mile below us, and sheltered a little, too effectively by the Blue Mountains, it is rainless for months together. Now it is bathed in its native sunlight, unvisited by the mists or the showers which are feeding the little torrents on the slopes to the north of us.

While the mountains protect Kingston from the north, she is almost wholly enveloped on the sea side by the elongated coral formation called the Palisados, which nearly succeeds in making the harbor an inland lake. At the end of the extended arm, a reddened fist, — stained with blood no longer and curiously maimed and shrunk, — lies Port Royal. Little more than a skeleton is it of that fearful and rebellious limb under which, more than two centuries ago, half the Western Hemisphere cowered.

Once — it seems difficult to realize it now — there stood at the end of this spit 'the finest town in the West Indies and the richest spot in the universe.' Its riches were for the most part gotten of infamy, for Port Royal was for long virtually a pirate city. Belated retribution came in dreadful form, paralyzing its power for evil when it was at its highest and most potent. Stories which survive of the Port Royal earthquake of 1692 make sufficiently gruesome reading. The outraged heavens, resolving to rid the earth of so black a scandal, almost, it would seem, 'spun it round and sent it flying off to hell,' without a second's warning.

The character of Port Royal was shaped early by the accident of its site. It proved to be the most favorable centre for the launching of those predatory enterprises — individualistic warfare, unlicensed or legitimized, privateering, buccaneering, or piracy, call it what you will — from which the Plate fleets had to run the gauntlet at every

trip to Europe from the Spanish Main. Port Royal, which was then in part the seat of government in the island, was officially interested in many of these expeditions, while for the rest they were fitted out as pseudo-commercial adventures by the rare company of rogues who were attracted to the port from every country under the sun.

To it in time gravitated that interesting villain Henry Morgan. Stolen as a lad from his home in Wales and spending the impressionable years of his youth with the cutthroats of the Caribbean, it is little wonder, perhaps, that he should have adopted the most promising and fashionable calling the neighborhood had to offer. It is possible that his character was not so black as it has been painted, or alternatively that it was streaked with the pure angelic tints that more than one historian credits him with having shown on occasion. Anyway, next to Nelson, who served for a time as commander of the Port Charles batteries, Morgan remains by far the most fascinating personality connected with Port Royal.

We can see him now in imagination — with an effort, it may be true, for at the time Port Royal was probably an island — preparing his fleet for action against one or other of the luckless cities of the Main. Morgan would stride the narrow streets of the port with all the savage assurance which he displayed on his own 'quarter-deck' — for was he not an 'admiral,' elected as such by the votes of pirates themselves? Had he not also the commission of the Governor, none other than Sir Thomas Modyford himself, to visit with divers pains and penalties the insolent Spaniard for his suspected incarceration of Prince Maurice, brother of the more famous cavalier Prince Rupert? And as for his status ashore, one can well imagine that the stay-at-homes of Port Royal would stand in quite as much

awe of this fierce personality as was shown by his precious band of desperadoes afloat.

With what calculated enthusiasm could the worthies ashore be relied upon to welcome back their hero after his exploits at Portobello, at Panama, and a dozen other cities fated to act the unwilling hosts to this monarch among buccaneers, this despoiler of homes, this white savage with the innate genius of a great commander of men and his penchant for quick 'cut-and-thrust' attack carried through with complete lack of scruple. Nor would 'official circles' be likely to be behindhand in their laudations — as, indeed, they were not. We find that Morgan received the formal thanks of the Governor of Jamaica on his triumphant return from Panama. Nay, more, his glory preceded him to England, whither, a blushing hero, he next directed his steps.

Here was one of the first contributions to the lustrous Crown of Britain from Jamaica, the newest of her Colonies, she who had but lately been added to our growing dominions by the tatterdemalion army and the military gifts of Penn and Venables. Charles II, who had by that time got well into his kingly stride, was on the lookout for further ornaments for his Court circle. For two years, accordingly, Morgan was the lion of the English Court, and his gifts, it must be conceded, seemed fully equal to the change of environment.

It is to be feared, however, that the experience worked subtly on Morgan's temperament. He returned to Jamaica with a well-defined aureole of respectability, which he wore, it must be admitted, with greater ease than would have seemed possible. Perhaps it was an outcome of the knowledge that he must at all costs live up to the King's enviable testimonial to his 'loyalty,

prudence, and courage' which accompanied the Royal commission to hold office as His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. For with no lesser rank did the erstwhile buccaneer return to the scene of his former exploits. In addition he was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces and Senior Member of the Council, and for a time during the absence of the Governor he directed alone the affairs of the Colony.

Even if we do give credit to this amazing individual for the possession of the great gift of adaptability, one can well believe that the old Adam was not entirely dead within him. Is it not on record that the Governor himself, Lord Vaughan, had to step in and go to live at Port Royal to restore the credit of the island, since Morgan 'made himself so cheap at the port, drinking and gaming at the taverns'? Records go to prove, however, that Sir Henry really did give himself over to his duties with some show of assiduity. In formal acknowledgment thereof the Speaker of the House of Assembly once delivered himself of the following pretty compliment: 'His inclination, his study and care, was that there might be no murder, no complaining in our streets, no man in his property injured or of his liberty restrained.'

Morgan evidently began to disbelieve in his own past, for we find him at one time gravely discussing with the home Government the serious problem of the extirpation of the buccaneers. The efficacious method of promoting them to lucrative Governorships was not, we may take it, one of his suggestions.

To wind up his career with a fitting paradox, we find Morgan prosecuting the printer of a translation of Esquemelin's accounts of the buccaneers, in which he was alluded to in not too flattering terms. His indignant affidavit set forth his abhorrence and dis-

gust of all such things as piracies and robberies, and made it clear that 'for the kind of men called buccaneers he always had and still has hatred.' But, instead of the £10,000 damages which he claimed, the Court had the hardihood to award only £210 and 20s. costs. It was truly little encouragement for reformed pirates that they were likely to be grossly misunderstood.

But we can leave further reflections on the moral lessons of the life of Henry Morgan to those better qualified to sit in judgment by virtue of their detailed study of a remarkable career. There is, for example, Mr. Frank Cundall, secretary of the Jamaica Institute, whose original researches into the remoter stages of Jamaican history during the past thirty years have made everyone interested in the West Indies his debtor.

From Morgan's rough tomb on the Palisados our gaze will sweep once more out to the sea. To the southward, for two hundred leagues, stretches the restless Caribbean, as inscrutable now as in the days when the Elizabethan sea-rovers found its attraction so irresistible and so fatal. Many English bones have rotted in the fever-stricken lands upon its surf-bound borders. Drake and Hawkins sacrificed themselves to its spell and made it their grave.

Into the narrow channel giving access to the harbor down below sailed the brave Benbow, after his wonderful combat at odds of five to one with Du Casse's squadron. His leg shot away by chain shot, Benbow continued to direct the battle from his cradle on the quarter-deck, and would have won a crushing victory but for the desertion of more than one of his commanders.

He came into Kingston to put them upon their trial, but he came also to die. Before the two ringleaders suffered the fate of cowards in Plymouth Sound, Benbow, his health at its lowest ebb through physical and mental suffering, had sickened and died, and had been duly laid to rest in Kingston Church, where his tomb may still be seen.

Into Kingston Harbor eighty years later came in triumph the great Rodney, after his portentous victory over De Grasse at the Battle of the Saints, lacking which it is difficult to see how Jamaica could have preserved intact her proud record of inviolability from foreign invasion since the British occupation in 1655.

Passing overland from Hardware Gap, which is the viewpoint in the mountains from which we have surveyed the past, our eyes will light upon a vast plain to the westward, backed by the hills which run through the centre of the island. The plain has every possible shade of tropical vegetation to give it color, and it is transected by a narrow white strip, which from its extreme straightness at this distance we know to be the road to Spanish Town. The old capital of the island, founded by no less a personage than Diego Colon, son of the discoverer of the New World, Santiago de la Vega, as it then was, merits, even at this date, when much of its glory has departed, more detailed inspection than we can give it at a distance of twenty miles. We will not linger upon it at the moment, therefore, but, with a last look of admiration at the incomparable mountain scenery to the south, prepare to resume our journey to the opposite shores of the island.

THE ESTHONIANS AND THEIR LITERATURE

BY ALADAR BAN

From *Pester Lloyd*, April 13
(BUDAPEST HUNGARIAN DAILY)

AMONG the races that are related to Hungarians the Finnish-Ugrian peoples are the most closely connected so far as speech is concerned. It is natural that this little family of nations should play no great part in history; they have endured hardships and a terrible subjection for too many years at the hands of the foreign nations who have ruled them. Nevertheless these little peoples, with the characteristic tenacity of their race, have resisted each new imposition and would perish rather than bow their necks to the yoke. Among the approximately ten million souls of these various related peoples, two groups are especially important for their numbers and their natural culture — the Finns and the Esthonians. As a result of the World War both of these attained their freedom.

There is a great difference in the past histories of the two peoples. The Finnish nation, which includes three million souls, has never been a subject nation of serfs. No serfdom was allowed in their country, and the Finnish peasants led a comparatively free life during the seven hundred years of subjection to a foreign overlordship. Quite otherwise was the fate of the Esthonian people, who are closely related to the Finns. For seven hundred long years the most terrible despotism tested their endurance, and the fact that to-day they number no more than 1,200,000 may be ascribed to this.

The Esthonians settled in what is to-day their fatherland in the sixth

century. Their principal occupation was fighting by land and sea and they achieved a reputation that struck terror to the hearts of the other Baltic peoples. This gallant race was first conquered by the Danes in 1219. The Danes, however, could not suppress the insurrections that broke out one after another, and sold the province in the year 1346 to the Teutonic Knights. The Swedish King, Gustavus Adolphus, broke the power of this order in the year 1621. He favored Protestantism in this province and laid the foundation of the nation's culture. The enlightened Swedish rule was destroyed by the Russians when Peter the Great attached the Esthonian territory to his own empire a hundred years later.

The real masters, in spite of the change of governments, however, continued to be the descendants of the Teutonic Knights, the German nobles who took advantage of the shifting administrations to make good their hold over the Esthonian people and to subdue relentlessly. The resentment of the people was shown in numerous revolts, but each time the rising was put down. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the system of serfdom was abandoned, — but only on paper, — and the whole subject population dragged out a life of downright slavery. The subjection was nowhere so terrible as here, where the landowner stood in the relation of a foreigner to his serf.

After the Russo-Japanese War and its unfortunate outcome for Russia, the

whole empire was seized with revolutionary fever and the Esthonian people likewise rose in revolt, only to be suppressed with a pitiless terror. In the World War the Esthonians shed their blood for the Tsar with honest loyalty, and when in 1917 the great Russian Revolution broke out, and the Tsaristic régime was destroyed, the Bolshevik Government replaced it. In the autumn of 1917 the Bolsheviki surged into Esthonia only to be driven out again after three months' rule by the combined Finnish, Esthonian, and German troops.

On February 24, 1918, the Esthonians proclaimed the independence of their country; but it was still a long way to complete victory, for on the very next day began the German occupation that threatened with eventual annihilation the freedom that they had barely won. The Peace of Brest-Litovsk, in January 1918, compelled the Germans to withdraw, but the Esthonian troops fought with the Bolsheviki for two years thereafter until finally the Peace of Dorpat established the independence of Esthonia in 1920. Thus did the Esthonian brothers of us Hungarians attain the fulfillment of the dream of complete independence that they had dreamed for centuries. Esthonia — which is half as large as our own mutilated fatherland — became a democratic republic and is directing its own destiny and working out its own future.

The unexpected liberation of Esthonia found the people developed and conscious of their nationality. The Esthonian nation belonged to the one nationality of Russia that had made the greatest cultural strides. Most of the people can read and write and most of them keep step with modern civilization. Their national consciousness was greatly strengthened in 1861 by the appearance of a naïve epic

called the *Son of Kalev* — a Hungarian translation of which has been ready and waiting publication for many years. Under the stimulating influence of this work a whole series of writers and poets sprang up. Like the Finns, the Esthonians attracted the attention of Europe with their folk poetry. This little people were the first to gather their popular traditions together in one collection, and Esthonia is the only country whose folk traditions have been collected with the precision of a legal document. In this Pastor Jakob Hurt and Dr. Okar Kallas, the husband of the writer, Aino Kallas, deserve the greatest credit.

Frau Aino Kallas has made a beautiful contribution to Esthonian and Finnish literature. Her work is like a gold bridge joining the spiritual lives of one people to that of another. She comes from a family almost all of whose members possess literary ability. Her father was Julius Krohn, the noted scholar and poet; her older brother, Karl Krohn, is a professor at Helsingfors University and founder and president of a Folklore Society that extends its activities even into our own Hungary.

The striking character of Aino Kallas's literary activity is that she is never untrue to her own womanhood. In her writings she maintains a feminine mildness, warmth, and straightforwardness; she is a master of style. From every line of her work an inner meaning springs with a lyric touch that is especially evident, with its living warmth of feeling, in descriptions. She also knows how to attain a bold presentment of her subjects and how to draw her characters, into whose souls she plumbs deeply, true to life. She does not write a great deal, but whatever comes from her pen is, without any exception, in good taste, carefully thought out, and of excellent quality.

Her work — all of which, except for one novel, treats of the Esthonian people — appears for the most part in Esthonian or Finnish, or in Danish, German, and English translations. It is to be hoped that a selection from her stories will appear in the Hungarian language. At the evening reading that the distinguished authoress gave in the Assembly Room of the Hungarian Academy of Science, she read two stories in German, both of which treat of actual events. In 'The White Ship of Lassenberg' she treats the mystic feeling of an Esthonian religious sect

for their peasant prophet, who announces the coming of a white ship on which the true believers are to be borne away to a better land of freedom and well-being. Languishing in their sorrow, the serfs trust their leader with blind fanaticism; but the false prophet suddenly leaves his followers in the lurch and flees with one of his close companions to the Crimea. The descendants of these very people, however, are wandering to-day in the land of their dreams, in their promised land — that is to say, in a free and independent Esthonia.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING THINGS BADLY

BY I. A. WILLIAMS

From the *Outlook*, April 21
(LONDON SEMI-RADICAL WEEKLY)

CHARLES LAMB wrote a series of essays upon popular fallacies. I do not, at the moment, carry them very clearly in my memory; but, unless that treacherous servant misleads me more even than she usually does, he did not write of one piece of proverbial so-called wisdom that has always seemed to me to be peculiarly pernicious. And this saw, this scrap of specious advice, this untruth masquerading as logic, is one that I remember to have had hurled at my head at frequent intervals from my earliest youth right up to my present advanced age. How many times have I not been told that 'If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well'?

Never was there a more untruthful word spoken in earnest. For the world is full of things that are worth doing, but certainly not worth doing well.

Was it not so great a sage as Herbert Spencer who said to the young man who had just beaten him at billiards, 'Moderate skill, sir, is the sign of a good eye and a steady hand, but skill such as yours argues a youth mispent'? Is any game worth playing supremely well, at the price of constant practice and application?

Against the professional player I say nothing; he is a public entertainer, like any other, and by his skill in his particular sport he at least fulfills the first social duty of man — that of supporting himself and his family by his own legitimate exertions. But what is to be said of the crack amateur? To me he seems one of the most contemptible of mankind. He earns no money, but devotes himself, for the mere selfish pleasure of the thing, to some game,

which he plays day in, day out; he breaks down the salutary distinction between the amateur and the professional; eventually his skill deserts him, and he leaves behind him nothing that is of service to his fellow men — not a brick laid, not an acre ploughed, not a line written, not even a family supported and educated by his labor.

It is true that he has provided entertainment for a certain number of persons, but he has never had the pluck to submit himself to the test by which we demand that every entertainer should justify his choice of a calling — the demonstration of the fact that the public is willing to pay him for his entertainment. And, when his day is over, what is left, not even to the world, but to himself? Nothing but a name that is at once forgotten, or is remembered by stout gentlemen in clubs.

The playing of games, certainly, is a thing which is not worth doing well.

But that does not prove that it is not worth doing at all, as the proverb would, by implication, persuade us. There is nothing more agreeable and salutary than playing a game which one likes, and the circumstance of doing it badly interferes with the pleasure of no real devotee of any pastime. The man who minds whether or not he wins is no true sportsman — which observation is trite, but the rule it implies is seldom observed, and comparatively few people really play games for the sheer enjoyment of the *playing*. Is this not proved by the prevalence and popularity of handicaps? Why should we expect to be given points unless it be that we wish to win by means other than our own skill?

'Ah! but,' my reader may say, 'the weaker player wants to receive points in order that he may give the stronger one a better game.' Really, I do not believe that that is so. Possibly, sometimes, a strong and vainglorious

player may wish to *give* points, in order that his victory may be the more notable. But I do not think that even this is the true explanation. That, I suspect, was given to me the other day by the secretary of a lawn-tennis tournament, in which I played. 'Why all this nonsense of handicaps? Why not let us be squarely beaten, and done with it?' I asked him. 'Because,' he replied, 'if we did not give handicaps, none of the less good players would enter.' Is that not a confession that the majority of us have not realized the true value of doing a trivial thing badly, for its own sake, and must needs have our minds buoyed and cheated into a false sense of excellence?

Moreover it is not only such intrinsically trivial things as games that are worth doing badly. This is a truth which, oddly enough, we accept freely of some things — but not of others — and as a thing which we are quite content to do ill let me instance acting. Acting, at its best, can be a great art, a thing worth doing supremely well, though its worth, like that of all interpretative arts, is lessened by its evanescence. For it works in the impermanent medium of human flesh and blood, and the thing that the actor creates — for what we call an interpretative artist is really a creative artist working in a perishable medium — is an impression upon, an emotion or a thought aroused in, the minds of an audience, and is incapable of record.

Acting, then, let me postulate, — though I have only sketched ever so briefly the proof of my belief, — can be a great art. But is anyone ever deterred from taking part in amateur theatricals by the consideration that he cannot act well? Not a bit of it! And quite rightly not, for acting is one of the things about which I am writing this essay — the things that are worth doing badly.

Another such thing is music; but

here the proverbial fallacy again exerts its power, as it does not, for some obscure and unreasoning discrimination, in acting. Most people seem to think that if they cannot sing, or play the piano, fiddle, or sackbut, admirably well, they must not do any of these things at all. That they should not indiscriminately force their inferior performances upon the public, or even upon their acquaintance, I admit. But that there is no place, 'in the home,' for inferior musical performances, is an untruth that I flatly deny.

How many sons and daughters have not, with a very small talent, given their parents — and even the less fondly prejudiced ears of their friends — great pleasure with the singing of simple songs? Then one day there comes to the singer the serpent of dissatisfaction; singing lessons are taken, and — if the pupil is of moderate talent and modest disposition — limitations are discovered. And then, in nine cases out of ten, the singing is dropped, like a hot penny. How many fathers have not banished music from their homes by encouraging their daughters to take singing-lessons? Yet a home may be the fresher for singing that would deserve brickbats at a parish concert.

I may pause here to notice the curious exception that people who cannot on any account be persuaded to sing in the drawing-room, or even in the bath, will without hesitation uplift their tuneless voices at religious meetings or in church. There is a perfectly good and honorable explanation of this, I believe, but it belongs to the realm of metaphysics and is beyond my present scope.

This cursed belief, that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, is the cause of a great impoverishment in our private life, and also, to some extent, of the lowering of standards in our public life. For this tenet of proverbial faith has two effects on

small talents: it leads modest persons not to exercise them at all, and immodest persons to attempt to do so too much and to force themselves upon the public. It leads to the decay of letter-writing and of the keeping of diaries, and, as surely, it leads to the publication of memoirs and diaries that should remain locked in the writers' desks.

It leads Mr. Blank not to write verses at all — which he might very well do, for the sake of his own happiness, and for the amusement of his friends — and it leads Miss Dash to pester the overworked editors of various journals with her unsuccessful imitations of Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Yeats, and Dr. Bridges. The result is that our national artistic life now suffers from two great needs: a wider amateur practice of the arts, and a higher, more exclusive, professional standard. Until these are achieved we shall not get the best out of our souls.

The truth is, I conceive, that there is for most of us only one thing — beyond of course, our duties of citizenship and our personal duties as sons, or husbands, or fathers, daughters, or wives, or mothers — that is worth doing well — that is to say, with all our energy. That one thing may be writing, or it may be making steam-engines, or laying bricks. But after that there are hundreds of things that are worth doing badly, with only part of our energy, for the sake of the relaxation they bring us, and for the contacts which they give us with other minds. And the sooner England realizes this, as once she did, the happier, the more contented, the more gracious, will our land be.

There are even, I maintain, things that are in themselves *better* done badly than well. Consider fishing, where one's whole pleasure is often spoiled by having to kill a fish. Now, if one could contrive always to try to catch a fish, and never to do so, one might — But that is another story.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE BOKERLEY DYKE

BY HUGH MONEY-COUTTS

[*Observer*]

BOKERLEY DYKE,
What were you like
When you were made?

My palisade
Rose like a crown
Over the Down.
Soldiers enow
Circled my brow;
Cavernous moat
Collared my throat;
Thicket and wood,
Dark as a hood,
Covered my flanks.

Now on your banks
Rabbits and sheep
Scurry and peep.
Look at your flanks
Naked in air,
Skeleton bare.
Dead is your glory,
Dumb is your story.

EPITAPH

BY MARY STELLA EDWARDS

[*Westminster Gazette*]

FAR from the feet of men
I'll lay my head;
Let no wind whisper then
That I am dead.
Seeds spring below, and then
Trees overhead.

I'll have no sorrowing,
Die, as leaves die;
Bright beauty borrowing
From the gold sky.
Bidding each morrow sing,
Such leaf was I.

Breathe, earth above my ear,
Where I am laid,
Let the young living year
Make death afraid:
Cheek to the grass I hear
Growing the blade.

Soft on my quiet hand
Lights the gray feather;
Soft is the folding land,
Singing the weather;
Clay and the yellow sand
Whisper together.

THE LOVER COMFORTS HIMSELF

BY J. C. SQUIRE

[*Outlook*]

THIS pain will pass
As other pains have passed,
And she 'll be kind again
As she once was kind.
'T is but to wait,
Loving and patient still,
Only a space to keep
A constant mind.

How could she know
Her coldness hurt so much?
She went before she heard
My fault confessed.
If she could see
This moment all my thoughts,
She 'd blame herself and fly
To bring me rest.

She is so sweet,
So generous and just,
It could not have been she,
'T was I was wrong:
Oh, would she come!
Oh, if through night's soft air
Her tender heart, awake,
Could hear my song!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE HIDDEN HAND OF SIDNEY WEBB

Not long ago Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, who usually devotes his weekly articles to sage and serious consideration of the extraordinary muddle known as European politics, turned to a more frivolous (though no less muddled) subject, and hilariously discussed the Baconian origin of Shakespeare's plays. Poor Shakespeare, of course, was quite out of it long ago, but nowadays M. Abel Lefranc, a French professor, and Mr. Thomas Looney (proper people resist even the most tempting puns!) are both coming forward with brand-new candidates and it begins to look as though Bacon were out of it too.

If Shakespeare did n't write the plays, and if Bacon did n't either, and if Professor Lefranc and Mr. Looney can't agree, what shall an anxious world conclude? Obviously, that no one wrote the plays and that they don't exist.

Mr. Garvin threw out one fruitful suggestion. If, he suggested, the old English dramatists were not above hiring other people to write their plays for them, why should we conclude that the modern ones are either — Mr. Bernard Shaw, for example? Can we be quite sure that his plays are not the handiwork of Mr. Sidney Webb?

Upon this fascinating notion fell Mr. St. John Ervine, the author of *John Ferguson*, with a whoop of pure joy. This ingenious dramatist has elaborated a theory to prove that Mr. Webb has been a good deal busier than hitherto supposed. Not only has the industrious economist written ponderous volumes on trade unionism, rent, capitalism, poor laws, socialist constitutions, and other such light and airy

persiflage, but he has had time (doubtless while resting from his labors) to dash off the entire works of Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, and Granville Barker — not to mention Mr. Ervine himself, who ingenuously proceeds to 'prove' that one of his own plays is also from the flying Webbian pen.

'The evidence in support of the theory that Mr. Webb wrote the plays of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Granville Barker, and myself is far stronger than the evidence that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Greene, Nashe, and the rest of the Elizabethans.' There can never be so much disputation about Mr. Webb's authorship of the contemporary drama as there is about Bacon's authorship of the Elizabethan. Who else could have written them? He is a very industrious and learned man, adept with his pen, and well known to all the authors named. I am inclined to think that he probably wrote the whole of Mr. H. G. Wells's novels as well as Mr. Shaw's plays. If Bacon could dash off the *Faërie Queene* and fob it off on Spenser, who among us will deny that Mr. Webb could dash off *The New Machiavelli* between the sittings of the Poor Law Commission? There is surely some significance in the fact that "Wells" and "Webb" both begin with a W and that the word "Shaw" contains exactly the same number of letters as the word "Webb."

'Observe the character of the contemporary drama. It is nearly always sociological. Why should all the dramatists of England suddenly have begun to write about social reform? The first of the plays attributed to Mr.

Shaw is *Widowers' Houses*. This play is written round the housing problem and the question of slum property, and is full of references to the Local Government Board and to the sanitary authorities and to vestries and health committees. It is true that Mr. Shaw was at one time a member of a London vestry, but it is also true that Shakespeare was a member of a theatrical company and had tinkered with plays in the course of his professional duties.

'Consider the subjects of the Galsworthy drama! Industrial disputes, the legal system, prison reform! . . . Surely the fact that *Strife* was written by the author of *Industrial Democracy* and *The History of Trade Unionism* shrieks to heaven! Who but the author of *English Prisons under Local Government* could have written *The Silver Box* and *Justice*? The evidence here is at once complicated and made clearer by the fact that "Bernard Shaw," the mysterious vestryman from Marylebone, wrote a preface to *English Prisons under Local Government*. This seems the supreme bluff of bluffs! Sidney Webb writes a book on prison reform in his own name. He then writes a preface under the name of "Bernard Shaw" to his own book, in the course of which he refers, in a footnote, to his play, *Justice*, written under the name of "John Galsworthy." The intention here clearly is to put the student off the scent.

'His share in the works of Mr. Granville Barker is plainly revealed in the play called *Waste*, where there is considerable discussion of the problem of education. One act of the play actually shows a Cabinet meeting in consultation over the details of an Education Bill. We have two grounds for believing that Mr. Webb wrote this play. The first is that Mr. Webb was for many years associated with the administration of the Education Acts and is

the author of a book called *London Education*. He has had official relationship with the old School Board, with the London School of Economics, and with London University. Legend has it that he was the author of one of the Education Acts. The second ground for believing that he wrote *Waste* is that a common rumor at the time the play was first performed by the Stage Society was that Mr. Webb had been consulted by Mr. Granville Barker about the details of the Education Bill which is discussed in the play.

'I will not attempt to deny that, after a few conversations with me on the subject of religious and industrial strife in the North of Ireland, he sat down and wrote the play called *Mixed Marriage*, which I have shamefully claimed as my own. How could I possibly be the author of that play? I have never seen a riot in my life. I know very little about trade unions or industrial disputes. Is it likely that a person of my limited experience and knowledge could have written a play on such a theme? I still claim the authorship of *Mixed Marriage* because I derive an income from it.'

✱

OUT ON BAIL

THE *Westminster Gazette* has recently added an interesting feature to its columns. This consists of thumb-nail studies, little bits of fiction, remarkable for their contrast and vividness. They are signed only with initials and are called 'Sketches from Life.' We quote one of the first:—

He had avoided me for a week.

On the morning that he was due to reappear in the local police-court I received a note. 'Your money is all right,' it ran; 'I have not gone away. I am grateful.'

The little court was crowded when I

reached it. The accused was a man with many friends and the many innocent follies that make friends. He said not a word to me as he stepped forward. It was left to his solicitor to thank me for standing bail. The hearing was brief. My friend was acquitted.

Then, with tears in his eyes, he stepped down and rushed to take my hand.

Others were eager to take his, but he had no eyes or ears for them.

'Let's get away where we can talk,' he pleaded. 'My God, I have had the lesson of my life. I have discovered that I have n't a friend in the world save yourself. After this my sympathies will be with any poor devil who is blind enough to accept bail.'

'Freedom is sweet,' I said sententiously.

'Don't let us talk platitudes between each other,' was his impatient answer. 'Bail is n't freedom. It's hell. I believe all those people we have just left thought me guilty until this morning. My lawyer approached seven men whom I had regarded as friends before he saw you, and they were each afraid to be mixed up in a police case. Those were their words. They had known me for years, but, it seems, their knowledge could not stand the first breath of trouble. It was good of you to come to the rescue.'

'Why did n't you come to see me afterward?'

'Because the first day I went out the world was full of eyes. I could n't stand it. Some men to whom I had been hail-fellow-well-met just gave me a cold nod and passed on. The tradespeople became churlish. They even visited my own supposed sin on my brave little wife. A child in the street told another as I went by that I had been locked up; their four keen curious eyes followed until I had passed out of sight. I went around to the works,

and, of course, there was no work for me. I was told I must stand off until the case was over. What could I do? I rushed back home to the smiles and the faith of home.'

'Well, it's all over now,' I replied. 'These friends of yours know it was all a mistake.'

'Friends,' he repeated, in a tone of sad disillusionment. 'One friend and a multitude of acquaintances. Perhaps I should have kept my illusion had I been content with a cell. Bail . . . it's only preferring a torture-chamber to a small cell.'

*

OXFORD AND THE LAW

TOWN and gown conflicts at Oxford have extended from the physical to the legal realm. Oxford University enjoys some very wide, and in modern eyes odd, legal privileges, and nowadays there appears to be a disposition on the part of certain University authorities to insist upon these rights and even to revive a few that have gradually fallen into disuse. Of course the University has always sent two members to Parliament. It also has its own court of law, in which it exercises civil jurisdiction which is limited neither by area nor by the amount involved. If one of the parties to the proceedings is a resident member of the University, the University Court takes precedence of the civil courts of Great Britain. In 1886 a libel case involving two London daily newspapers had to be transferred to Oxford on this ground.

The University also exercises criminal jurisdiction in all offenses below the rank of felony, and this jurisdiction extends not only to members of the University but to their servants as well. Oxford can impose sentences running up to two years — more considerable power than is enjoyed by magistrates. It can moreover exercise control

over the markets in Oxford, and has the right of access to railway commerce with the privilege of detaining suspected persons found there anywhere within ten miles of Oxford.

*

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN AND THE WAR

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN's picture at the Royal Academy's exhibition, which he calls 'To the Unknown British Soldier in France,' has set London agog. There are those who profess to find difficulty in explaining it, but its main intention is not to be mistaken: the picture is a grim and ruthless satire.

Sir William originally contracted to paint three pictures for the Imperial War Museum. Two of these are already there, one representing the Peace Conference, the other the signing of the Treaty at Versailles. The third was to represent the Hall of Mirrors of Versailles, where the Treaty was signed, with the politicians, generals, and admirals who won the war. Sir William made the portrait studies, painted the scene, and grouped the whole thirty or forty figures in the canvas. It cost him nine months of toil. But Sir William had been at the front during the war; he saw war as it was. He knew that modern war cannot be painted as Meissonier and Detaille painted the wars of the last century. He knew its horror and its terrible cost. In a sudden frenzy of rage and disgust he painted out his whole picture. Generals, admirals, and politicians vanished with a few contemptuous strokes of the brush.

And then, overcome with indignant emotion, he set on the canvas a painting to tell the world what he felt. It is not a pretty picture; it does not pretend to be one. He has shown a doorway in the Hall of Mirrors. In front of this is standing a coffin draped with the Union Jack. On each side stand two

soldiers apparently on guard. Into these figures the artist has put all the hatred and horror of war. The soldiers are nearly nude. Their flesh is not in the ordinary flesh tone, but in the horrible greenish hue of the body that has long lain on the field. They are gaunt and emaciated. In his hand each holds a rifle, and each looks out at the spectator over the coffin of the Unknown Soldier. Above them two cherubs are flying and behind, through the arch, is an avenue of light leading up to the crucifix. As an English critic says, the artist seems to cry aloud: 'To what purpose, O statesmen of the world, have you sacrificed these children?'

*

WHAT'S WANTED

'WHAT'S wanted'—not by any particular patron of the advertising columns, but by civilization in general—is listed as follows by Sir William Bull for the British Institute of Patentees:—

Glass that will bend.

A smooth road surface that will not be slippery in wet weather.

A furnace that will conserve 95 per cent of its heat.

A process to make flannel unshrinkable.

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An aeroplane that can be easily and safely managed by a boy or girl.

A motor engine of one pound weight per horse power.

A key that will not lose its identification.

A method to reduce friction.

A practical method of making use of the power of the tides.

A process to extract the phosphorus from vulcanized India rubber so that it can be, so to speak, boiled up and used again.

A pipe that can be easily and effectively cleaned.

A temperance drink that will keep and not pall on the palate.

A cinema film that will speak.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Decisive Battles of Modern Times, by Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton. London: Constable, 1923. 12s.

[*New Statesman*]

THIS book challenges comparison with Creasy's *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*; it deserves an equal popularity. Its lucid, well-planned narratives, its avoidance of technicalities, its excellent maps, its careful accounts of the political events leading up to the battles described, and its due regard to the wider issues involved, will make it attractive to the general reader. As with Creasy's book, there will be controversy as to the author's use of the term decisive; no one, however, can doubt the importance of the five battles which he has selected. Vicksburg, the turning-point of the American Civil War; Königgrätz, which led to the rule of Prussia and to the development of modern Germany; Mars-la-Tour, the bloodiest battle of the Franco-German War; Tsushima, which, closing the tragic career of the Russian Baltic Fleet, opened a new era for Japan; the Marne, of too recent memory — each has had vast consequences. And no doubt the series is not yet closed; for, as the author of the present book points out, the outburst of violence is still remarkable.

Bismarck's Diplomacy at its Zenith, by Joseph Vincent Fuller. London: Humphrey Milford, 1923. 16s. net.

[*Spectator*]

BISMARCK'S victories between 1864 and 1871 hypnotized rivals and historians alike; his later diplomacy has been judged by his earlier success. Professor Fuller subjects the critical two and a half years between August, 1885, and February, 1888, to close examination, and his conclusions are not favorable to the Chancellor. Bismarck was, as always, masterly in inducing other nations to handle hot chestnuts, in giving foreign rivals the impression that Germany was committed to action that she had no intention of taking, in behaving as an indifferent honest broker for a considerable brokerage. French policy was at times insane, and drove Salisbury, a patient man, to see possible good in an anticipated second Sedan; Russian tactics were fatuous.

But Bismarck, though he won tactical victories, did not really succeed. In 1885 Russia was inclined to friendship, France reconcilable, Great Britain at worst neutral. The unpardon-

able threat to France in 1887, the treachery to Russia, the attempt to use England and Italy as catspaws in the Near East — these in the long run left Germany with Austria as her one genuine friend, and herself pledged to support Austria in an Eastern policy of which the risks outweighed the benefits. It has been a German commonplace that Bismarck would have avoided the war of 1914, or would have entered it with an arguable moral case. Professor Fuller's cold analysis sees Bismarck forcing Russia to an unwilling alliance with Republican France, the founder of the system which triumphed in 1908 to fall in 1918. Harshlest judgment of all, he believes that the late Kaiser's attempt to secure diplomatic success by dynastic friendship with Russia postponed a storm made inevitable by Bismarck's obsession that Austria must be supported at all costs.

La Décomposition de l'Armée et du Pouvoir, by General Denikin. Paris, 1923.

[*Morning Post*]

GENERAL DENIKIN, in his newly published book, *La Décomposition de l'Armée et du Pouvoir*, gives a moving account of the events of the spring and summer of 1917 in Russia, which resulted in the utter dissolution of that fine army which only a few months before had driven the Austro-German armies in a series of brilliant victories halfway across Galicia. The blame he attributes chiefly to the mischievous influence of the Polivanoff Commission, and the weakness of Kerenskii, which was heightened by his dread that some victorious soldier, some yet unknown Napoleon, would capture the revolution and direct it away from the vaguely socialistic channels in which Kerenskii fondly hoped that he could keep it.

The Polivanoff Commission, which was formed under the War Minister Gutchkoff, with a view to keeping the army in the hands of the new rulers of Russia, and under Bolshevik influence, promptly set out to undermine authority and sap discipline. Civil commissaries, who were merely delegates of the Soviet organizations, were attached to all the army commands, and soon succeeded in rendering the position of the commanders impossible. On May 9 the famous Declaration of the Rights of Soldiers, drafted by the Polivanoff Commission, was sanctioned by Kerenskii, in spite of the unanimous protest of the army commanders who met at G.H.Q. for the purpose. General Alexieff, who had also presided and spoken at a meeting of three hundred

officer delegates to the same effect, was relieved of his command. General Denikin resigned, and Kerenskii, who had now taken the Ministry of War out of the hands of Gutchkoff, appointed General Brusiloff to the supreme command.

The lamentable breakdown of the June offensive, and the disgraceful rout at Tarnopol, should have shown those of the revolutionary leaders who loved their country how matters really stood. Russia had no longer an army. It is at this stage that the heroic figure of Korniloff, Commander of the Eighth Army, comes into prominence. He took matters into his own hands, made a clean sweep of the Commissaries' system of discipline, or rather indiscipline, in his own command, and showed such qualities of resolution and courage that in July Kerenskii, impressed by his fearless energy, reluctantly removed Brusiloff from the supreme command to make room for Korniloff. A few weeks later Korniloff himself was removed from his command. There was reason to fear a revolutionary outbreak in Petrograd; Korniloff was naturally the man to put it down and save the Government. Kerenskii was apparently afraid of being saved, and ordered Korniloff to resign. The rest of the tragic story had best be studied in the pages of General Denikin himself.

The Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia, by Thomas Lyell. London: A. M. Philpot, 1923. 7s. 6d. net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

This is an honest, outspoken, and vivid, though (as its title indicates) not very systematic, account of Mesopotamia by a former member of the British civil administration who has come into intimate contact with the life of the people. The writer makes the Shiitic holy cities the central point of his description, rightly insisting that little is known about them in England in proportion to their influence in the world. Certainly the picture he gives — which, though merciless, is neither unjust nor, in the true sense, unsympathetic — will interest not only readers concerned with Iraq, but all Englishmen, in India, Persia, or elsewhere, whose avocations bring them into touch with any section of the Shiitic community.

Mr. Lyell has the double merit of holding decided opinions and of letting us know what

they are, thus putting into our hands the means of controlling his conclusions. This makes his book valuable for everyone interested in his subject, whether the reader agrees with these conclusions or not. Like many Englishmen who have had practical experience of Moslem countries, Mr. Lyell has an instinctive liking for the raw human material displayed in the average character of the common man, and a distinctive aversion for the native ruling class which exploits him and the politico-religious system by which the trick is done. He is 'up against' the 'lords spiritual' (*mujtabiduna*) and 'lords temporal' (*sheiks*), and, above all, against Islam, particularly the Shiitic denomination. He stoutly defends his former chief, Sir Arnold Wilson, and forces the issue between two mutually exclusive alternatives — a British administration, of the Indian kind, to be maintained for at least a century, or else contagious anarchy.

The blessed word 'Bolshevism' seems to make him lose his balance, as it does other people, but if one simply substitutes 'Russia' for it wherever it occurs, his theory becomes concrete, though controversial, and he puts his finger on one of the major perils of the immediate future, — an anti-Western alliance between Russia and Islam, — though perhaps he does not sufficiently realize that Western folly may contribute to this no less than Oriental implacability. Throughout the book, however, there breathes an impatient resentment against our major Western failings: the gulf between Christian practice and profession (a chasm which also gapes in Islam, but not so shockingly wide) and the insincerity and uncertainty of touch with which Western Imperialism has been smitten since the war.



BOOKS MENTIONED

CONSETT, REAR-ADMIRAL M.W.W.P., C.M.G. *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces* (1914-1918).

An account of the transactions by which Germany during the Great War was able to obtain supplies prior to her collapse under the pressure of economic forces. London: Williams and Norgate, 1923. 15s.

DIBELIUS, WILHELM. *England*. Stuttgart, Leipzig, and Berlin: Deutsche Verlag-Anstalt, 1923. Two volumes, octavo.

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